# A NEW ACADEMY OF COMPLIMENTS: OR, THE Complete Engliſh Secretary.

CONTAINING

The true Art of indicting Letters ſuitable to the Capacities of Youth and Age; relating to familiar Converſation between Friends and Acquaintance, Huſband and Wife, Children and Parents, Maſters and Apprentices, Brothers and Siſters, and kindred in general; alſo, Love-Letters on all occaſions, with others relating to Trade and Buſineſs of all Kinds, in an apt, eaſy, and plain Style.

Likewiſe, Rules for directing, ſuperſcribing, and ſubſcribing of Letters; alſo the Titles of Perſons of Quality, and all other Degrees.

With Dialogues very witty and pleaſing, relating to Love, familiar Diſcourſe, and other Matters, for the improving the Elegance of the Engliſh Speech, and Accompliſhment in Diſcourſe.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

1. The Art of Good Breeding, and Behaviour, with Inſtructions for carving Fiſh, and Fowl, after the neweſt Manner. 2. The Engliſh Fortune-Teller, as to what relates to good and bad Fortune in Maids, Widows, Widowers and Batchelors. 3. Joyful Tidings to the Female Sex. 4. Treatiſes of Moles. 5. Interpretation of Dreams. 6. Comical Humours of Jovial London Goſſips, in a Dialogue between a Maid, Wife, and Widow, over a Cup of the Creature.

WITH

A Collection of Play-Houſe SONGS.

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GLASGOW,
PRINTED BY J. AND M. ROBERTSON
MDCCLXXXIX.

# PREFACE
## TO THE
# READER.

READER,

IN this book you will find uſeful and neceſſary things, that no book of the ſize and nature of this, contains the like. If you are deſirous to write to your friends or lovers, in an elegant or ſmooth ſtyle, here you are directed in the precedents of moſt curious letters, fitted aptly to buſineſs or love; ſo that in a little time, by reading and practiſing them, you may be expert in the way of compiling letters.

You will find likewiſe in it curious dialogues relating to courtſhip, or the moſt modiſh management of love intrigues, whereby you may proceed in amours to the higheſt perfection in whatever can be reaſonably expected.

It is a book full of variety, and many things not found in any other. It is neceſſary for the advantage and uſe of youth or age, proper for either ſex, and helpful to both; and though but of a ſmall price, may yet nevertheleſs prove of great value, and ſerve to recreate the melancholy, and heighten the pleaſures of thoſe that are diſpoſed to merriment, being ſuitable to all conſtitutions and complexions, and has in it an excellent change of things, ſo that whatſoever you deſire, of this nature, can hardly be miſſed in the peruſal of it.

It may rightly be called, "The young Lover's Academy, or, His ready Path to his Miſtreſs's Favours," ſmooth and even, without ſtumbling, without running into abrupt diſcourſe, or unpleaſing language.

To which are added, for the better recreation of the reader, many curious new ſongs, greatly in requeſt at court, play houſes, and balls, and in general, graceful to the city and country.

To conclude, It is ſuch as cannot miſs to pleaſe, and ſo I recommend it to the reader to improve his knowledge in matters of love and buſineſs.

46.11.3.165

A NEW

# ACADEMY

OF

# COMPLIMENTS:

OR, THE

# Complete Engliſh Secretary.

*A Letter from a Son to his Father.*

Moſt honoured Father,

BY this I let you know, that my ſeparation from you has been very tedious to me. Since the diſtance of place will not permit me to pay my humble duty, and juſt acknowledgement of your love, tender care, and regard towards me, in perſon, I have made theſe lines the meſſenger of my willingneſs, in all things to deſerve as far as in me lies, ſuch goodneſs as you have always ſhewed me. I am conſtrained to confeſs, that my deſerts hitherto have not merited what you have beſtowed on me; but I ſhall be careful to make it the future buſineſs of my life to be doubly diligent to perform, to the utmoſt of my power, all that ſhall become an obedient ſon, to anſwer the expectations of ſo indulgent a parent; and ſo, with my wiſhes and prayers for your long life and felicity, I remain, as by the ties of nature bound,

Your moſt dutiful obedient Son, J. C.

*The Father's Anſwer.*

Dear Son,

I Have received your letter of the 14th, and am not a little pleaſed with your expreſſions of duty and obedience towards me. It is the joy of a father to find a ſon acknowledging and ſenſible of the benefits and indulgent care of his parents, and no leſs an encouragement to labour for his welfare, in which, through the

bleſſing of God, I ſhall no ways be wanting. I muſt confeſs your abſence has been no leſs tedious to me than yourſelf, but when I conſider it is for your good, I am the more comforted, that it may redound to your greater advantage, and my particular comfort. It will not be long, I hope, ere we ſhall meet, and then I ſhall ſatisfy you farther of my intentions for your promotion, which I have already caſt in my mind, and ſhall not be wanting to further you in your education, or what elſe ſhall be ſuitable to your capacity and redound to your accompliſhment and advantage: ſo, with my bleſſing, and good wiſhes to attend you, I remain,

Your loving and affectionate Father, D. C.

*A Letter from a Daughter to her Mother.*

Dear Mother,

I Am not a little overjoyed to hear you are in good health, for the continuation of which my prayers are daily put up to Almighty God, as conſcious your welfare is that on which my happineſs depends. I ſhould have waited on you myſelf, inſtead of this letter, did not urgent affairs detain me; but with the firſt opportunity, through the bleſſing of God, I ſhall not fail in perſon to acknowledge all the favours and good offices you have done me. I am conſtrained, in ſome things of that nature, to own myſelf faulty, but I hope I ſhall be more diligent in obſerving my duty, though in my affections towards you, I am perſuaded nothing can be mended, ſeeing they have never ſtrayed from you even in the ſtrickeſt rules. So hoping to hear from you with the firſt opportunity, I remain,

Your moſt obedient and dutiful daughter, M. C.

*The Mother's Anſwer.*

Daughter.

I N receiving and reading your letter of the 30th paſt, I found what by your carriage and dutiful reſpect you all along profeſſed, to be confirmed, and am conſtrained to acknowledge myſelf happy in ſuch a child, that promiſes ſo much to the conſolation of her parents, to the comfort of my declining years; and though you are abſent

ſent from me, yet the tender regard I always had for you, continually repreſents you to my ſight. Your promotion is my aim, and nothing can pleaſe me better than to hear of your advancement. I could in ſome meaſure wiſh indeed you were not ſeparated from me, but in a ſhort time I doubt not but to ſee you to our mutual contentment and ſatisfaction. In the mean while I ſhall ſtudy what may beſt conduce to your welfare; and herein you may rely, that my care ſhall not be wanting, to do whatever my power can compaſs, to ſettle you happy in the world with a good fortune. I know your modeſty and virtue are of force ſufficient to ſhield you from the inſinuating temptations of the age, which too frequently enſnare young women into folly: and ſo, relying upon your good temper, that you may be ruled by me in all things juſt and reaſonable, I continue to remain,

Your moſt affectionate Mother, E. C.

*A Letter from an apprentice to his Maſter in the Country.*

SIR,

SInce you enjoined me upon your departure, this is to let you know how affairs proceed in your abſence. I have thought it highly concerned my reſpect and care to inform you that all things are well, and go on happily and ſucceſsfully at home. I have made it, as in obligation bound, my diligence to be watchful and frugal to the advancing your affairs, that at your return you may find nothing wanting in me. As for trade it has been pretty plentiful, conſidering the times, and I have taken care of all thoſe matters you left in my charge, which have proved ſucceſsful, and of which I ſhall be able to give you a good account at your coming back: wherefore, not be too tedious in writing to you as to particulars, I conclude, ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your moſt reſpectful,
diligent Servant, to command, B. C.

*The Maſter's Anſwer.*

Benjamin,

I Received your letter of the 16th paſt, and am as heretofore, confirmed of your care and fidelity, which

daily increaſes my reſpect towards you, not doubting in the leaſt your diligence in the management of my affairs, which in the end will prove to your advantage and reputation, it being ever verified, 'That a good ſervant maketh a good maſter, and a bad one the contrary.' I ſhall ſtay ſomewhat longer in the country than I expected, by reaſon my chapmen anſwer not my expectation, I need not, I think, bid you be diligent till I return, ſince you are, as I have experienced prone enough to it; by which you have ſo far gained my favour and eſteem, that I highly prize your ſervice. So, deſigning to return as ſoon as poſſible I can conveniently diſpatch my buſineſs, I remain,

Your loving Maſter, T. D.

*A Letter from one Brother to another.*

Dear Brother,

BY this I let you know, that being ſeparated from you, the abſence has been tedious, but ſince I know that it is for your health, welfare, and advantage, I am not ſo much concerned as otherwiſe I ſhould be, I eſteem what occurs to you, equal with what may redound to myſelf, confirming it in my thoughts, as of equal concernment, not only to me, but to our family, whoſe reputation it behoves us to keep up and augment. Our friends here are in good health, and deſire to be remembered to you: our prayers are for your good health, and welfare, and I hope they will prove ſucceſsful. If you cannot, by reaſon of the urgency of affairs, let us have the happineſs of embracing you, my requeſt is, that your letter may find us as oft as you can: and ſo, referring what elſe my affections would expreſs, till I ſee you, in all ſincerity and cordial affection, I remain,

Your moſt loving Brother, C. T.

*The Anſwer.*

Moſt loving Brother,

I Received your letter of the 20th paſt, and ſhould think myſelf very much behind in gratitude and affection towards you, if I ſhould not make, as far as in me lies,

ſuitable return. We are indeed ſo near allied, that nothing ſhould reaſonably ſeparate us, nor ſhall any thing divide our united hearts, though our bodies are ſometimes at a diſtance, by reaſon we are born to improve our talents for each other's good and welfare, that it may in the end be the happier meeting, when we enjoy each other's company with the greater advantage. I have not, I think, been remiſs in writing to you, as often as my affairs would in any meaſure give me the leaſt opportunity, nor ſhall I forbear to continue ſuch brotherly correſpondence. I am exceedingly glad always to hear of your health and happineſs, as likewiſe of all friends and relations, to whom I commend my heart love and affection: ſo, in hopes ſhortly to ſee you, I remain,

Your ever loving Brother, T. T.

*A Letter from one Friend to another.*

Dear friend,

I Cannot but acknowledge the many obligations you have laid upon me to render me worthy of blame for not writing to you oftener, but knowing your goodneſs will excuſe it, when I tell you hurry of buſineſs and urgency of affairs have hindred my willingneſs, and interceed with you to pardon my failure; yet I think ſo ſtrict are the bonds of our friendſhip, that I need not make an excuſe, knowing the premiſes conſidered, I doubt not your generous good nature will frame an excuſe for me. All I can deſire is, that no envious perſon may have power, by ſcattering falſe reports, or any ſiniſter ways, to ſow the leaſt ſeed of miſunderſtanding between us, but that an undiſturbed amity may remain to the end of our lives; all your friends with me wiſh the ſame, and pray for the continuance of your health and welfare; and moreover, that you may, as ſoon as it ſuits your conveniency, return to us, whoſe arms are open to embrace you with all the tender affections of love and friendſhip that can inſpire mankind: and ſo, taking my leave at this time, in hopes of a more near and dear converſation, I remain,

Your moſt affectionate Friend, D. D.

*The*

*The Anſwer.*

Kind Sir, and ever honoured Friend,

YOur extraordinary regard for me, though unmerited, makes me at a loſs how to retaliate your reſpects, which proceed more from your generoſity and good nature than any thing I could reaſonably have merited in your eſteem, to which I ſolely attribute it, and muſt make it the future buſineſs of my life to ſtudy by what means I may make a retaliation. A faithful friend has in all ages been accounted a great happineſs, and ſuch obliging friendſhip as yours muſt not be ſlightly paſſed over; I therefore, in all humble and due acknowledgement, prize it at ſo high a value, that I account it my greateſt felicity on this ſide heaven, to have ſo cordial a friend, whoſe faithfulneſs I have ſo often experienced: and ſo, with my entire reſpects to you, and all that wiſh us well, I remain, as in all the ties of obligation and friendſhip I am bound,

Your ever cordial, and devoted Friend to ſerve you, G.A.

*A Letter from one Siſter to another.*

Ever loving Siſter,

SInce your departure, or my being abſent from you, the time ſeems tedious: methinks the minutes go ſlowly on, and the hours are tedious in coming to an end: days are weeks, and weeks are months, and months ſeem years; wherefore I muſt chide you for ſuch delays, though I know the pleaſures and delights among our friends and relations are very recreating to you. I envy not your happineſs, but muſt complain your abſence abates that of your ſiſter's; conſider then, we being ſo nearly knit, ſhould not be long ſeparated for any conſideration that may be diſpenſed withal; however, your diſcretion is a rule to which I dare not offer to preſcribe. Our friends remember all their love and kindneſs to you, and as I may ſay, envy you that happinneſs that detains you from them; ſo that if with convenience, and no prejudice to yourſelf, you can haſten your return, your company will be very welcome and acceptable, eſpecially, to her who is,

Your ever loving and affectionate Siſter, A. B.

*The*

*The Anſwer.*

Dear Siſter,

I Received yours of the 24th paſt, and am exceeding ſorry that I have given any diſturbance or trouble by my abſence: I had not ſtaid ſo long, but at the importunity of our friends: our divertiſement and encouragements indeed are very pleaſing, and would be more to me, did you participate of them; however, being ſeparated from you, abates a great part of my felicity, and makes me wiſh I ſooner could have had leave to return, but cannot do it, at preſent, without indecency, which you ever knew my nature was averſe to, but I will do what in me lyes to make a ſpeedy return, when, by our long abſence, our joys will be more at meeting, and ſo, with my love and kind reſpects to you, and all our friends, I remain,

Your ever loving Siſter, M. B

*A Letter from a Nephew to his Uncle.*

My kind and moſt reſpectful Uncle.

THE many favours and obligations you have laid upon me, conſtrain me to render you my humble ſubmiſſion and reſpect, ever praying for, and wiſhing your health and welfare, hoping that you will now daily accept what is in my power to ſerve you, in retaliation of the many good offices you have done me. So expecting your commands to do what I may to pleaſe you in all things, I remain,

Your loving and obliging Nephew, C. D.

*The Anſwer.*

Moſt loving Nephew,

I Received your letter of the 28th paſt, wherein you expreſs yourſelf in very obliging terms, that I cannot but let you know I am ſenſible of your reſpect towards me, and ſhall know how to value and eſteem you accordingly. I am well ſatisfied with your ingenuity and diſcretion, and am proud our family can boaſt of ſo ingenious and able a perſon. I wiſh a bleſſing to your ſtudies, and proſperity in all your undertakings, and will not fail to do what in me lyes, or my ſtation,

to

to further you in all that I may, and countenance your affairs: ſo hoping to ſee you with the firſt opportunity, I continue to be,

Your loving and affectionate Uncle, G. D.

*A Letter from one Scholar to another.*

Loving School-fellow,

BEing ſo ſuddenly called away, I could not reſt till I took an opportunity to write to you, to know how your affairs proſper, and whether you are in good health: our long familiarity has bound us ſo ſacred in the bands of amity, that I think there is no reaſonable cauſe can ſeparate our friendſhip. My deſires, as they have ever been, are, that your happineſs may be equal with my own; and as our paſtimes have been recreatory, ſo, I doubt not, but, when our encreaſing years ſhall enable us to greater things, we ſhall be capable of aſſiſting each other to the utmoſt of our power, in what we reaſonably may. My deſire is, that whenever affairs carry your mind away, you would at leiſure times think of your friend, who will at all times not fail to do the like to you: and ſo, till it ſhall be my happineſs to ſee you, I ſhall reſt in expectation of your return,

Your loving Friend and School-Fellow, R. G.

*The Anſwer.*

Deareſt Friend,

MY parting with you, and my acquaintance, has not been a little tedious to me; but ſeeing ſuch things muſt happen, I muſt take this ſudden ſeparation for a part of my unhappineſs, which I the rather bear with patience, in conſideration, that upon my return, it will create the more endearment and reciprocal affection. Indeed, my company here is very pleaſing, but comes ſhort in apprehenſion of what I enjoy d in your converſation; reſt, however contented for my abſence, as I will endeavour to do, for my being ſo unexpectedly taken from you; and I, on my part, will labour as much as in me lyes, to get looſe and haſten my return. Communicate my ſincere reſpects and affection to all our aſſociates, and tell them, it ſhall not be long before I

ſhall

ſhall do it myſelf in another nature: and ſo, wiſhing you all merriment imaginable, I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your loving Friend and ſchool Fellow, V. G.

*A Letter from one Gentlewoman to another.*

Dear Madam,

I Have taken the firſt opportunity to make this letter the meſſenger of my reſpects, and humble acknowledgement of the favours I have received from you many ways, eſpecially as to my improvement in your converſation. I think our friendſhip is ſuch, that I need not enforce myſelf for compliments, were I capable of any ſuch thing. My good wiſhes always attend you; and if any thing be in my power that you pleaſe to command, there ſhall be nothing wanting on my part to ſerve you, and I ſhall be not a little proud to employ myſelf to the utmoſt in what may in the leaſt oblige you. All our friends here are in good health, and nothing afflicts me, but your abſence, which I, for my part, muſt confeſs to be very tedious; but knowing your great diſcretion, I cannot but excuſe you for taking yourſelf from us; being ſo well ſatisfied, that it is not a little matter that detains you: I know not whether it be love, but if ſo, I am ſatisfied your prudence in a choice ſuitable to your merit, will direct you for the beſt, and I dare not preſume to direct you; however, my wiſhes are, that all your undertakings may ſucceed to the height of felicity: and to ſay, I wiſh you happineſs in any thing inferior to my own, I think I would be highly to blame; nay rather, in friendſhip I admit a degree beyond, and had rather undergo a misfortune myſelf, if it were in my option, than my friend: but, hoping whatever you undertake may be advantageous to your future repoſe, I take leave to ſubſcribe myſelf.

Your moſt affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant, A. G.

*The Anſwer.*

My dear Friend,

YOU made me bluſh upon the peruſal of your letter of the 20th paſt; you need not to have expreſſed

preſſed yourſelf in ſuch obliging terms, ſeeing you cannot but be confident, I am aſſured of your affection towards me; I am not at this time in doubt of your friendſhip, nor inſenſible of what I owe to your goodneſs; you have, at ſundry times, given me undeniable inſtances of your cordial affection, in doing me many good offices, which I in gratitude acknowledge to proceed from your innate goodneſs. Our friends here wiſh and pray for your health, and a proſperous ſucceſs in all your humble ſervants, that fortune ſtrikes out with induſtry and ingenuity, ſo favourable to advance you according to your merits, and ſo, in confidence, nothing ſhall be able in this life to ſunder this band of amity and friendſhip knit between us, I remain,

Your inſeparable Friend to ſerve you, E. R.

*A Letter from one Gentlewoman to another.*

Moſt honoured, and ever worthy Friend,

SHould I forget to make my letters the meſſengers of my kind reſpects to, and high eſteem and value for you, I might juſtly be cenſured for my neglect, and my real proteſtations of friendſhip might ſeem to ſavour of flattery; wherefore, ſince in generoſity I am thus conſtrained to trouble you. I hope you will take it in good part, and what I expreſs as the reality of my meaning I am confirmed you are generous and noble in conſtruing the actions of a friend to the beſt advantage, and therefore I rely upon your goodneſs to excuſe my defect, wherein I have been any ways wanting to oblige and ſerve you, or excuſe my failing, as your diſcretion directs. I have to my power, performed thoſe commands you laid upon me at our laſt interview, and am now, with ſome impatience, expecting to know what I may be further ſerviceable to you in, and being once informed, my readineſs ſhould ſpeak my willingneſs to oblige you, as far as my poor abilities are capable of acting on your behalf; and ſo, in expectation of a few lines at your leiſure, I remain,

Your moſt humble,

devoted Friend, and Servant C. D.

*The*

*The Anſwer.*

SHould I not return you ſuitable reſpect to your character, you might, Dear Friend, ſuppoſe me behind hand with you in courteſy and friendſhip; but no buſineſs, or any affair, however ſo urgent, ſhall delay me from the remembrance of one that ſits ſo near my heart. Reaſon and juſtice, as well as love and friendſhip, command me to return you all the obliging acknowledgements of a cordial friend, which I have ever found in the greateſt emergencies, when flatterers, dreading the nipping colds of adverſity, have taken wing, and fled, to a warmer and more promiſing climate. I am not this day ignorant of the obligation you have laid upon me, nor ſhall be ſlow, like the greater part of the ungrateful world, in ſome meaſure to retaliate the good offices, you have done me; but above all, my endeavours ſhall be to imitate your matchleſs friendſhip: I might mention many particulars, but knowing you are ignorant of them, I ſhall not at this time be tedious to you, referring what more I intend to ſay, till our happy meeting, which I truſt will now be ſpeedily, ſeeing thoſe affairs I expected, are in a fair way to be brought to a good concluſion. Have me heartily recommended to all friends and relations, which, on my part ſhall not be neglected by him, who is,

Your moſt reſpectful, and obliging Friend, D. T

*A Letter from a wife to her abſent huſband.*

My dear loving Huſband,

YOur abſence has been ſo tedious to me, that I have been conſtrained to complain of it, and muſt chide you a little, if not tax you with unkindneſs. You very well know, that a love and affection like mine, cannot without imputing it an injury, brook ſo much delay; haſten then your affairs: or what if ſome trivial matters were left to another opportunity, or to be completed by another hand: I think it might rather be diſpenſed with than our ſeparation. However, in the mean while, I ſhall not fail for your advantage, to bear it, on my part, as well as I can; yet am compelled to

ſay, I have never before, in the whole courſe of my life, concluded the hours more tedious: blame me not, my dear for thoſe fond expreſſions, ſeeing my love and affection towards you is ſo uncommon that I cannot help it. Your affairs go on proſperouſly at home, and my care is not wanting; haſten then, and cure my impatience to ſee you, and my arms ſhall be open to receive you, as the great pledge of my happineſs on this ſide the grave; and ſo, expecting you will fulfil my requeſt and earneſt deſire, with all convenient ſpeed, I remain,

Your moſt affectionate and loving Wife, S. M.

*The Huſband's kind Anſwer.*

Kind Wife,

I Received your letter of the 30th paſt, and am not a little concerned that my affairs have ſo long detained me from you; however, be patient, ſince, by my abſence the joy of our meeting will be the more tranſporting. Some things have not anſwered my expectation, or my ſtay had been ſhorter; however it is come almoſt to a period; be not troubled then, but compoſe your mind to calmneſs. I am very well ſatisfied your affections toward me are not of an ordinary degree; but buſineſs, you know, muſt be minded, and ſometimes we muſt diſpenſe with extraordinary paſſions, leſt by neglect, the advantage may ſlip by, that cannot be recalled. I do not flatter, I confeſs that I am no ways behind hand in my love and entire affection towards ſo good a wife: yet reaſon ought to rule the ſober and diſcreet, not at all times to cheriſh an extravagant fondneſs, that breaks out often into folly. It not being long before I ſhall be with you, and tell you how ill I bore your abſence, ſo I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your very loving Huſband, P. M.

*A Letter of Advice from a Mother to her Daughter, in making a good Choice.*

Daughter,

SEeing you are come to years of maturity, that is, to a woman's eſtate, and abſent from me, I find myſelf

myſelf obliged to add to the reſt of my inſtructions and good admonitions one caution more, in which, if you are not very circumſpect, your life may be made miſerable, though all things at preſent promiſe to render it happy. I am not ignorant that your perſon, and the breeding beſtowed upon you, can be long without temptations to marriage; againſt any yielding of another nature, I am perſuaded your nature is proof, and ſo I ſhall not inſiſt to caution you that way; but a huſband is one with whom you, when married, muſt ſpend your days perhaps in well or woe; be not then over credulous, ſuddenly to believe all that is propoſed or ſaid, but be circumſpect in all things tending thereto; believe not yourſelf, for love is many times blind, but take the advice of thoſe you confide in, that are diſintereſted in the matter, and try, as far as modeſty will admit, every temper and humour of the party; and pry, when he leaſts ſuſpects it, as well as you can, into his very imagination, which by his geſtures and actions may in ſome meaſure be penetrated: and when all this is done, if you find him a ſuitable fortune, and of complacent humour; ingenuous and induſtrious, then may you hope for a happy choice, and all things promiſe you happy days. This I thought fit, in ſuch a juncture, to lay down as a precept, whereupon you may, if you diſcreetly manage it, found your future tranquillity: and ſo, I remain, in hopes of your obedience to my reaſonable commands,

Your loving and careful Mother, A. N.

*The Daughter's Anſwer.*

Dear Mother,

I Have received your letter, and in all humble duty, acknowledge your care and watchfulneſs over me, for my good and welfare and ſhall ever conclude myſelf, not only diſobedient, but very ungrateful, ſhould I not deeply ponder in my mind, my obligation of love and ſtrict conformity to your pleaſure, by the ties of nature as well as the many other favours and indulgencies that have accrued to me all along by your tender goodneſs:

I doubt not, but by the bleſſing of God enabling my will and affection, I ſhall always perſevere in ſuch ways as may be pleaſing to you, and particularly to the good counſel and advice you have given me, about the alteration of my condition, when I ſhall find an inclination to marriage. I am not ſo young as to be ignorant of the crafty ſnares; of ſundry kinds, men lay to entrap and betray the innocence of our ſex, and could name ſome examples of their perfidiouſneſs, when they have got their ends and deſires; but to paſs them over for brevity's ſake. I ſhall only aſſure you, I ſhall entertain nothing of this kind, without your privity and advice; your approbation ſucceeds with my wiſh: and ſo, with my prayers to Almighty God for the continuation of your health and happineſs, I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your moſt dutiful and obedient Daughter, E. N.

*A Letter from a Seaman's Wife, to her Huſband on board.*

My dear Honey,

EVer ſince our parting, you may well conclude I have been reſtleſs and uneaſy; for, how can a wife be otherwiſe, whoſe love is fixed like mine? Then as ſhe thinks of the danger her beloved huſband muſt neceſſarily, upon many occaſions, be expoſed to, when ſtorms ariſe, I tremble for fear of a ſhipwreck, for each crack of thunder ſeems to me as the roaring of cannons; nor can I eaſily reckon up my particular fears, they are ſo many, nor the prayers I put up for your ſafety and happy return. I know affairs will detain you from me ſome time, but I repine not ſo much at that, as I dread the hazards you run upon the ocean: nor do I doubt, but as ſoon as with convenience it is poſſible, you will haſten to me, when with open arms of joy, I ſhall be ready to receive and embrace you, and in the mean while be as diligent as I can, to provide for all things ſuitable to both our intereſts, that at our meeting every thing may prove to our ſatisfaction; and ſo recommending you to the protection of Almighty God, and wiſhing you a good voyage, and your return as ſoon as poſſible, I remain.

Your loving and affectionate Wife, M. G.

*The*

*The Sailor's Anſwer.*

My Dear,

I Received your letter, and am extremely glad to hear that our ſeparation has not altered our affection, that we continue the ſame abſent as preſent, though not in ſuch a degree of fruition of enjoyment; which is ſo great a pleaſure to me, that it makes all difficulties and dangers that threaten from ſeas, ſkies, and enemies, ſeem little; my abſence from you is the moſt that preſſes upon my mind, to make me any ways concerned; but, ſince it may prove in the end advantageous to us both, I ſhall bear it with more patience: I do not at all deſpair; but that my undertaking will be proſperous and ſucceſsful, not only to me, but to the benefit of my country: however, let providence order things as he pleaſes: let this be your comfort, that to the laſt moment of my life I will not ceaſe to be,

Your moſt conſtant and loving Huſband, D. G.

*A Letter of Conſolation to a Gentleman upon the Death of his Wife.*

SIR,

I Cannot be ſo ungrateful to our friendſhip, as not, upon ſo ſolemn an occaſion, to ſhare with you in the grief that has ſeized you, upon the loſs of ſo good and virtuous a wife; it indeed afflicts me very ſenſibly, that two perſons ſo well joined, ſhould ſo ſoon be parted, and that a cold and ſenſeleſs grave ſhould embrace her whom you entirely loved: but it is the fate of a fading life, and frail mortality, early or late to fall into the duſt, from whence we were taken: be comforted then, ſince it is the hand of heaven that has made this unwilling divorce, let it be your conſolation, that ſhe lived ſuch a life as might not render her afraid of death, and that her good name ſurvives her: but, above all that, being taken from the cares and troubles of this life, ſhe is removed to a better, where one day you will, no doubt, meet her in a fruition of happineſs, never to be parted; where you, inſtead of momentary joys, and thoſe too, with ſome mixture of ſadneſs, ſhall have an

endleſs unmixed felicity, never more to be ſeparated. Let theſe conſiderations moderate your grief, and ſettle your mind, to forego for a time, what you in all probability will find again with ſo large an addition of happineſs: ſo in hopes that this may add ſomewhat towards the reſtraining of your grief for ſo great a loſs, I am obliged, by all the ties of friendſhip, to ſubſcribe myſelf a fellow-feeler and partner of your ſufferings, not only in this, but in all other matters.

Your real Friend and Well-Wiſher, G. G.

*The Anſwer.*

My moſt obliging Friend,

YOur letter came timely to me, as a cordial to revive my ſpirits, and allay, in ſome meaſure, thoſe waves of ſorrow, that beat upon ſo great a loſs: and, as you have truly hinted, could not but bring with it great affliction. Had it been any thing but ſo good a wife had been taken from me, I could have lightly paſſed it over; but to be unexpectedly parted from the dear co-partner of my joys, muſt needs go near to my heart: nor is it the leaſt obligation to have ſo faithful a friend as you to ſympathize with me in my grief, which I ſhall labour to moderate as well as I can. That ſhe lived a virtuous life, and made a pious end, is a great comfort and pleaſure to me, as having no ſcruple, that ſhe is more happy beyond all ſorrow, affliction, or care of this life: and it ſhall be my endeavour to follow her example, that (as you well alledge) we may meet once more, never to part again. If your letter has brought me this comfort, your converſation would do much more; but leaving theſe to your diſcretion, and the diſpenſation of your affairs, I heartily ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your conſtant, and ever obliged friend, D. D.

*A Letter of Conſolation to a Widow, upon the Death of her Huſband.*

Madam,

HAving heard of your loſs, and that you are in a mourning ſtate, I can do no leſs than condole with you, and become a partner in your ſorrow; ſuch a loſs cannot

cannot but raiſe a ſtorm of grief in the moſt ſedate mind. But yet (if we rightly conſider) the greateſt afflictions are to be born with as much patience as reaſon can guide us to, ſeeing no ſorrow, but what proceeds from a true contrition for ſin, is available. We are taken out of this troubleſome world many times, as a reſcue from evil to come; and if happy ſouls have any knowledge in the other world, of our actions in this, it cannot but make them think, that our grieving for their departure from the incumbrance of the fleſh, and conſequently troubles and vexations, is an envying the happineſs they enjoy. It was uſual for the ancients to weep when their children were born, in conſideration of the troubles they were to endure in the buſineſs of their life, and to rejoice when they went out of it, for their being freed from the inconveniencies they would have ſuffered, had they lived longer. I confeſs the rule is changed with us, ſince a natural compaſſion will flow from our eyes and hearts, when we are nearly touched by the ſenſible loſs of a near relation; yet if we look up to him who gave the bleſſing, we ought not to repine at the providence that takes it from us; and moreover, there may yet be left a bleſſing in ſtore for you; ſo hoping you will moderate your ſorrow, and reſt contented for the loſs of what cannot be recovered in this world, but may be undoubtedly in the next, I crave leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your cordial Friend and Servant, D. C.

*The Anſwer.*

SIR,

I Am very ſenſible of your reſpect towards me, and doubt not but you are afflicted for my loſs; however, I cannot conceive any one to be ſo ſenſible of it as myſelf, it coming nearer my heart than any other; my grief will not permit me to enlarge upon the ſubject; however, I return you thanks for your good inſtructions, and ſhall not be altogether unmindful of them, yet cannot conſent to remain inſenſible of the loſs of ſo kind a huſband, whoſe memory I am reſolved to conſerve to the period of my days. So in tears, which prevent my writing more here, I remain,

Your Friend and Servant, E. G.

*A Letter to a Chapman.*

Maſter Johnſon,

ACcording to your order, I have taken care to get the things mentioned in your letter in readineſs, affording them as cheap as poſſibly I can. You muſt expect goods are not all times at a price, ſince it is well known to traders that they frequently riſe on a ſudden, by reaſon of a ſcarcity, loſſes at ſea, and the like; but ſo it moſtly happens, that if any commodities are fallen low, cuſtomers are very unwilling to riſe, though it cannot be otherwiſe afforded, which makes ſome impoſe on their chapmen, eſpecially in the country, and keep them always at a certain price: you will ſay, when you receive the parcels from me, you are uſed kindly, if you inquire how the rates go: ſo expecting your directions how I can further ſerve you, I remain,

Your loving Friend, and very humble Servant, H. W.

*A Letter from a Factor beyond the Seas to his Correſpondent in England.*

Worthy Sir,

I Have made it my buſineſs here to be diligent in your affairs, which has not been without ſucceſs; I have bought up all ſuch commodities as I conceived would turn to the greateſt advantage, but had not effects here to make ſufficient payment, wherefore I have been conſtrained to draw ſome bills upon you, payable as by the bills and letters of advice you will find, which will ſoon come to your hands; I have ſeen the goods on board, and no doubt but they will arrive ſafely without any damage. Pray let me have your further orders by the firſt opportunity, how I ſhall diſpoſe of the cargo I now expect, that I may have time to prepare for buying up ſuch things as they will anſwer: and withal let me know how commodities go with you, that I may manage my affairs to the beſt advantage: ſo in hopes that I ſhall anſwer your expectation in every thing, I take leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your moſt affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant, G. M.

*A Letter from a Tenant to his Landlord.*

SIR,

BY this letter, I humbly crave leave to acquaint you, that this year I have had a very bad crop, which has ſo little anſwered my expectations, that I hope you will in ſome meaſure conſider my loſs, and be ſo favourable in ſome abatements, that I may be able to ſupport it; it would however look unſeemly in me to doubt your generoſity; wherefore relying upon your temper, I ſubmit the reſt to your good nature, having ſent you what at preſent I am able to raiſe, and hoping this may give you an earneſt of my honeſt meaning, I ſhall take care, with the firſt convenient opportunity to wait upon you, and to ſhew you more ample ſatisfaction, that I am,

Your honeſt, and ever humble Servant, G. G.

*A Letter from a Maid Servant, to her abſent Fellow Servant.*

Dear Betty,

I Could not forbear but take the firſt opportunity to write to you, that I might, by a line or two from you, be informed of your health and welfare: and muſt chide you withal, for leaving us upon ſo ſlight a taking leave: it may be your deſign to be married, and not to return to our family again; but indeed if you put that game upon us, without giving notice, I ſhall take occaſion to be very angry; ſo hoping we ſhall have notice beforehand, if you intend any ſuch thing, or ſhortly to return to us as good a maid as you left us, I continue to remain,

Your ever loving Fellow Servant, E. D.

*A Letter to perſuade one to marry.*

YOU know, very well, my dear Suſan, that I have wiſhed you well, and my longing deſires are to ſee you happily beſtowed on a huſband, as it is the only way you can be ſettled in the world, and be ſecure againſt the ill tongues of bad people: if you have not placed your fancy already, I doubt not but I can recommend one to you, of whom if you do make choice, there is no fear but you will live comfortably in the world; and ſo I take leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your moſt humble Servant, G. G.

*A Citizen's Courtſhip to a Country Gentlewoman.*

Madam,

WEre you ſenſible of the fervency of my affections, and with what intolerable anguiſh I undergo the burden of my paſſion, I do not queſtion but your goodneſs would vouchſafe to conſider my diſtreſs, and quickly grant ſome relief to your endeared lover, who hath vowed to be your true and faithful ſervant, even till death ſhall deprive me of the devotion due to yourſelf, and I am made incapable of admiring your beauty, which above all the world is moſt delectable in mine eyes. I implore you, Dear Madam, not to miſconſtrue the true and real meaning of my affection, which if your favour pleaſe once to try, I doubt not, but that you will acquieſce with me in this point; and conclude with me, that I am of all lovers the moſt affectionate, burning with deſire of enjoyment of that which is only left at your diſpoſal: I mean that ineſtimable gem of your affection, which if you hold at ſo high a rate from me your afflicted ſervant, I ſhall be bound to curſe the hour I firſt ſaw your divine beauty, and doubtleſs paſs out of this life in a hurricane of ſighs, to that ſweet Elyſium, which after the tyrant of impenetrable beauties only gives to broken-hearted lovers, ſome drahams of comfort to heal their love wounded ſouls. Therefore, if any tender pity lodges in that ſnowy breaſt, be pleaſed, by a kind anſwer, to allay the ſtorms of my raging paſſion, and for ever make him happy, who ſubſcribes himſelf,

Yours beyond Expreſſion. J. B.

*The Gentlewoman's Anſwer.*

SIR,

I Have very often heard of that which now you have manifeſted ſufficiently by the ſmoothneſs and ſweetneſs of your amorous dialect, which though it may ſeem prevalent enough in your mind to carry on your pretended ſuit; yet it is not of ſuch power as to rob me of my virgin liberty, or bereave me of my ſenſes, ſo far as to confide in the ſhadow of your complimental diſcourſe. As for the title of Madam, which you ſo freely beſtow

on

on me, did you but know how acceptable it is to me, you would have let Miſtreſs ſerve in the room, and better had you pleaſed me too; for we, that live a rural life are not ſo fond of court language, or titles as your city dames, whoſe gentility conſiſts chiefly in bravery and courtſhip; but, as to your ſuit, I deſire you to deſiſt, for I am not yet diſpoſed to alter my condition; but if I were, I ſhould be more difficult in my choice, than to ſuffer my ſenſes to be captivated by a few fair pretences, which, with you citizens, are ſo frequent, that I fear many of my ſex have long ere this, repented of their credulity. Pray trouble me no more with your unneceſſary paper viſits, but conclude yourſelf, 'tis all in vain, for you to ſtrive to win that fort, whoſe heart has proved impenetrable, notwithſtanding the violent aſſaults of ſeveral aſſailants. I have no more to ſay at preſent, but thank you for your love, if it be real, and acknowledge myſelf unworthy of thoſe commendable applauſes you have beſtowed upon me, who as yet ſubſcribe myſelf a perfect Libertine, abſolutely free from Cupid's tyranny. M. G.

*The Seaman's ſorrowful parting with his dear Love.*

Dearer to me than Life itſelf,

COuld my faultering tongue expreſs the ſorrow of my bleeding heart, that now muſt be compelled to leave thee, and expoſe myſelf to the hazard of the ſea, and the uncertain fortune of war, which though both have proved very fatal to thouſands, yet the greateſt of my fear is, leſt thou who art the joy of my heart, the comfort of my ſoul, ſhouldeſt in my abſence, in any meaſure miſcarry, or take thy life uncomfortable, by ſuggeſting of what evil may befal him, who is ſo perfectly thine, that he cannot ſay his ſoul is his own; for in thy happineſs reſts my bliſs; and ſhould the leaſt ill fortune attend thee (except this of my abſence) it would unavoidably prove my ruin; but ſince the divine powers were ſo kind as to bring us together, and make ſuch a union in our hearts, that nothing but unwelcome death can ſeparate, why ſhould we doubt of that bleſ-

ſing,

ſing, which hath attended thouſands, ſo linked in amity, that nothing in this world could ſeparate? Let us then hope for the beſt, that a time may come to complete thoſe joys, that cannot be perfected but by the nuptial ceremony, which I hope will inſeparably unite us at my return, to the ſatisfaction of our ſouls, and fulfilling the law of our king and country. In the mean time, my Deareſt, reſt free from all jealouſies and fears, which only help to augment thy diſquietneſs, that are very unwelcome companions to a rational body. So think not my voyage tedious, nor my abſence long; for, at my return, I will freely put a period to my own diſcontent, and hope to furniſh thee with ſuch a ſtock of joy and comfort, as may never decreaſe nor change. In the mean time, reſt certain of my unchangeable love, and aſſure yourſelf, that I am, and will be,

Yours to ſerve, love, and honour till Death. R. R.

*The Seaman's Love's Anſwer.*

My Deareſt,

THE thought of thy ſudden departure do ſo exceedingly afflict my love-wounded ſoul, that I want words to expreſs the ſorrow I conceive, leſt the raging ſeas ſhould ſwallow up my hopes, and what I dearly prize. Oh! that the ſmiles of Heaven would ſo hang over my head, as to equalize my happineſs with theirs, who, before us were in the like diſtreſs, yet met with ſuch happy fate, as to have their joys redoubled, by the ſafe and happy return of their dear loves, which if ever I live to ſee, will make me the happieſt of all my ſex. Oh! that my loving wiſhes might fill the ſail, and that my prayers might conduct thee ſafely into thy deſired haven; that, in the end, I might be bleſſed with that which would be more acceptable to me than the poſſeſſion of the whole univerſe; till then I ſhall take no reſt, till then all pleaſures will ſeem but pain; and without thee I ſhall be a creature without a ſoul, for in thy ſight is the compaſs of my felicity, and in thy abſence I ſhall be deprived of all comfort. Oh! conſider with thyſelf, my Dear, that in the ſhip thou carrieſt with thee, is the

deareſt freight that ever was exported from this our iſland; and ſhould it miſcarry, the world would be robbed of the pattern of loyalty. Oh! diſpatch and return that my adventure with thee may produce ſuch advantage to me, as may be more acceptable to me than all the riches of both Indies: I mean the enjoyment of thy dear ſelf, which alone can make me happy; and if otherwiſe, I ſhall be of all creatures the moſt unfortunately miſerable, and I ſhall languiſh in the depth of deſpair; let not one minute paſs in the whole voyage, without thinking on thy poor Dear, who hath vowed, in ſpite of all oppoſition to be,

*Thine for ever,* C. D.

*A Complimental diſcourſe between a young Man and a Maid, at a chance meeting.*

*Man.* GOOD morrow Miſtreſs.

*Maid.* Good morrow to you, Sir.

*Man.* Think it not ſtrange, Miſtreſs, if I ſhould ſpeak the truth, and tell you, that I have a long time been broiling in the flames of moſt ardent affection towards your dear ſelf, and never had the opportunity or happineſs to diſcover my love before this time; with which I hope fortune hath favoured me for a good end.

*Maid.* You talk very merrily, Sir.

*Man.* I am ſo far from merry diſcourſe, that if I thought you accounted it mirth, it would abſolutely break my heart.

*Maid.* Men's hearts are not ſo ſoon broken.

*Man.* Have you never heard of any that died for love?

*Maid.* Some of my own ſex.

*Man.* And no men?

*Maid.* Men ſeldom love at that rate.

*Man.* But it is true that I do; and, if you do not conſider my paſſion, wo is me for ever.

*Maid.* Oh! Sir, this will not do with me.

*Man.* The harder is my fortune; for I do not pretend to one ſyllable more than reality.

*Maid.* If I thought ſo, then——

*Man.* What then, my Dear?

*Maid.* Perhaps I could love you.

*Man.* Never doubt it, my deareſt; for I ſwear by all that is good, my affection is entire, free from all manner of deceit; and there can be nothing more troubleſome to me, than to think that you ſhould queſtion it.

*Maid* I can do no leſs than doubt it.

*Man.* Why ſo, Dear Heart?

*Maid.* Becauſe it is ſo often ſeen that young men prove faithleſs, and have no ſooner gained their deſired end, but their affections grow cold, their minds change, and they clearly forget what they before had vowed and ſworn to.

*Man.* The more is the pity; but my affection is without blemiſh; and I hate the thought of diſloyalty.

*Maid.* Others have ſaid ſo too.

*Man.* Ay, may be ſo.

*Maid.* Ay, and proved as falſe as they pretended to be true.

*Man.* But, dear Miſtreſs, doſt thou think all falſe of our ſex?

*Maid* No; but it is hard truſting.

*Man.* Never let ſuch thoughts poſſeſs your breaſt; for if ever man proved faithful from the creation, I will take pattern by him: I will feaſt thee with kiſſes, till I have perſuaded thee to believe my reality, nay, if thou doſt perſiſt in thy incredulity, I, to win thee from that miſtaken principle, will engage my heart to thee, by all the vows and obligations that ever love intended, for the confirmation of unſpotted affection.

*Maid.* Well, thou ſeemeſt to be real, and thou mayeſt prove ſo; why then ſhould I ſo much doubt thee, I cannot tell: now thou haſt almoſt conquered me; prove but as faithful as I will be conſtant, and we may be happy in each other.

*Man.* Now thou haſt comforted my drooping ſpirits; I am thine, thou art mine, I hope for ever.

*Some amorous Speeches between Doll and Robin.*

*Rob.* AH, Doll, I love thee.
*Dol.* How ſhall I know that?
*Rob.* As I hope to be kick'd, that's true; and me thinks, I never ſaw a better platter face than thine in my life.
*Dol.* Ay, is this your courting?
*Rob.* Nay, be not angry; for I ſwear by my ingenuity, 'tis true.
*Dol.* What, that I have a platter-face?
*Rob.* Ay, and a brave one too.
*Dol.* I think thou art a Robin by nature as well as name.
*Rob.* Why, if I did not take you for a fool, I could not think you could love me; for I am as lanthern-jaw'd as you are platter-fac'd; but yet perhaps we may have lovely babes when we come together, if we can but tell how to get them.
*Dol.* Nay, now I am quite out of favour with thee; for if thou canſt not tell how to get children, what ſhould I do with thee?
*Rob.* How the devil ſhould I know, thou ſilly whore? but I believe I can quickly learn.
*Dol.* Away booby; I hate ſuch fools; for I know that myſelf.
*Rob.* Why, if one of us know it, it is well enough.
*Dol.* No, no, it ſhall never be ſaid that I'll marry ſuch an ignoramus, that knows not how to get children.
*Rob.* Ignoramus! why then ſhall I be a brave fellow for a jury-man.
*Dol.* Hang-man is fitter for thee than a jury-man.
*Rob.* I thought they had been both one; for I have heard ſome ſay, it is the jury that hangs or ſaves men.
*Dol.* Go, go, thou art a mere novice.
*Rob.* A novice! what's that?
*Dol.* A fool.
*Rob.* So much the better for that then.
*Dol.* Why ſo?

*Rob.* Becauſe fools have good tools.

*Dol.* And what are they the better for them, if they cannot tell how to uſe them?

*Rob.* But I told you that I would quickly learn.

*Dol.* But I won't be troubled to teach.

*Rob.* Then I'll go home, and get my mother to learn me.

*Dol.* O wicked rogue!

*Rob.* Hey day! what am I? Ignoramus, Fool, and a Rogue too! Go hang yourſelf; for I will not have you now.

*Dol.* We are very well agreed. Farewel Robin.

*Here follows a Diſcourſe between an old Man and a young Woman.*

*Old M.* ALL hail, fair Miſtreſs! at the firſt ſight of your enamorous beauty, methought I felt ſuch a pretty kind of warm deſire enter into the cold lodging of my poor heart, that, to myſelf, methought my years decreaſed, and I thereupon became amorous of your youth and virtue, as if I had been but twenty years old.

*Young W.* Alas! Sir, is it to me to whom you direct your ſpeech? What moves you to ſuch folly, as to think a young creature as I am, can ſo much as think of coming into your frozen bed, there to be tantalized? Pray forbear, and inſiſt no longer on this point; for I am ready to vomit at the thought of it.

*Old M.* Nay, be not ſo neither; for I ſuppoſe what you find fault with hath pleaſed others, as well as you can expect to be pleaſed; and why ſhould you find fault with what you know nothing of?

*Young W.* 'Tis eaſy to believe by your looks, that you are a declining, old, and feeble man, fitter to be nurſed up by ſome ancient body, than to be coupled to a briſk young laſs, that will expect more from you in one night than you can do in two years.

*Old M.* Why, I will do my endeavour.

*Young W.* And what will that be worth? I had rather have a luſty thundering young lad without a penny,

ny, than ſuch an old doating feeble fellow, that can ſcarce hear himſelf fart.

*Old M.* Nay, do not deſpiſe age at ſuch a rate.

*Young W.* I do not deſpiſe it in any other ſenſe than this, I mean of being coupled to a man ſo unfit for a damſel's bed.

*Old M.* Well, I ſee it is in vain; I muſt give my ſuit over.

*Young W.* Ay, beſt of all; but as we met merrily, ſo let us part.

## *A Dialogue between a Country Man and a City Dame.*

*Country.* MIſtreſs, I am but newly come to London; but here I find ſuch variety of beauties that makes me admire; but above all that I have yet met with, in my mind, you greatly excel.

*City.* Pray, Sir, beſtow your jeers upon your intimates; it is not genteel to abuſe or affront ſtrangers.

*Country.* Believe me, Miſtreſs, I am none of thoſe, tho' I received my education in the country, yet, in ſome meaſure, I underſtand civility, and would not by any means give you occaſion to think me ſo rude, as to pretend any thing more than I intend.

*City.* Sir, you ſpeak as if you were one of us here, but if not, you will in a little time be accompliſhed with cuſtoms, and be a great proficient in the art of wooing.

*Country.* Could you teach me the art of wooing, as you have the art of loving, then, dear Madam, I ſhould be in ſome hopes of compaſſing my deſires, which is only the enjoyment of your dear ſelf, in whoſe ſweet ſociety I ſhould reap ſuch comforts, that it would ſing a reſt and peace to my ſoul, and ſhould account myſelf the moſt happy.

*For let me ſpeak truth, your charming eye*
*Soon brought my heart into captivity;*
*And if you do my humble ſuit refuſe,*
*All hopes of comfort I ſhall ſurely loſe.*

*City.* Sir, your dialect renders you no ſtranger to ingenuity, nor yet poetry; for you have your anſwer ſo

ready, that I cannot but applaud you; and your virtues ſo at command, that there is not many in the country can outvie you, in my opinion; and truly, Sir, you have almoſt perſuaded me to begin to think on love, which I have as yet been a ſtranger to; but now methinks I feel a kind of pleaſing pain, that bids me condeſcend to that which I was loth to ſtoop to.

*But yet if love doth feed ſuch gentle fire,*
*And fill the longing breaſt with warm deſire,*
*That never proves leſs pleaſant than is mine,*
*Oh! then to love I will my heart reſign.*

*Poeſies for rings, or any other devices, both pleaſant and profitable.*

DEAR love of mine, My heart is thine.
Our happy love, Heav'n does approve.
What doth us join, Is Power Divine.
While life doth laſt, My love is chaſte.
Thou haſt my heart, It cannot ſtart.
'Tis you alone, I'll have or none.
A kiſs at leaſt, Will make me bleſt.
In a good hour, We found love's pow'r.
Be not afraid, The match is made.
Whilſt Death me ſtrike, None elſe I'll like.
I'll conſtant be, For ay to thee.
Deny me not, Thou art my lot.
Say no more, The bargain's o'er.
Forget not me, When this you ſee.
Providence, Is our inheritance.
Still bear in mind, how I was kind.
A love like mine, Muſt ever ſhine.
The bleſt above, So joy in love.
This is a joy, None can deſtroy.
Time cannot waſte, A love ſo chaſte.
Heav'n ſmiles on us, To ſee us thus.
True love in ſtore, On thee I'll pour.
My loving bride, I'll never chide.
'Tis true that we, Will e'er agree.
No jealouſy, Shall come us nigh.
In righteouſneſs, The Lord doth bleſs.

At the firſt ſight, You won me quite.
Your heart give me, Mine I'll give thee.
To your fair hand, This I commend.
What you expreſt, Doth make me bleſt.
No grief can ſtay, Where love doth play.
Never to part, Here take my heart.
'Tis you that have, The power to ſave.
If you me ſcorn, I am forlorn.
If you do frown, death ſtrikes me down.
If you ſmile, My woes recoil.
Your will ſhall be, A law to me.
There's nothing more, That I adore.
Heav'n bleſs the man, I ſmile upon.
'Tis too unjuſt, To break my truſt.
Let me not thrive, When falſe I prove.

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*Inſtructions and Styles; or, Titles ſuitable to be uſed by all that indite Letters, and other matters of Note.*

IT may happen that you may have occaſion to write to perſons of quality, and if you know not how to ſuperſcribe your letters by the proper appellations, or titles of honour, you will be at a great loſs, wherefore I have affixed the following directions.

*To the King*, Sir; *or*, May it pleaſe your Majeſty, *or*, Dread Sovereign.

*To the Queen*, Madam; *or*, May it pleaſe your Majeſty.

*To the Prince*, Sir; *or*, May it pleaſe your Royal Highneſs.

*To the Princeſs*, Madam; *or*, May it pleaſe your Royal Highneſs.

*To a Duke*, My Lord; *or*, May it pleaſe your Grace.

*To a Dutcheſs*, Madam; *or*, May it pleaſe your Grace.

*To a Marquis*, My Lord; *or*, May it pleaſe your Lordſhip.

*To a Marchioneſs*, Madam; *or*, May it pleaſe your Ladyſhip.

*To*

*To an Earl*, My Lord; *or*, Right Honourable.

*To a Counteſs*, Madam; *or*, Right Honourable.

To a Viſcount and his Lady, the ſame with an Earl, and a Counteſs.

*To a Baron*, My Lord; *or*, May it pleaſe your Lordſhip.

*To* a *Baroneſs*. Madam; *or*, May it pleaſe your Ladyſhip.

*To all Ladies and Gentlewomen indifferently*, Madam: *or*, Miſtreſs, *&c.* as you know the qualities diſtinguiſhed.

To a Knight Baronet, or Knight, *Sir*; or, Right Worſhipful.

To an Eſquire, *Sir*; or, May it pleaſe your Worſhip.

To an Archbiſhop, *Right Reverend*; or, May it pleaſe your Grace.

To other Biſhops, *Moſt Reverend.*

To a Doctor of Divinity. *Reverend Doctor.*

Among Equals and Familiars, you may uſe your diſcretion without ceremony, or as the matter you write about requires; and no further; and within near an inch diſtance between the ſuperſcription, or firſt line of your letter, and that which follows it, dating it at the top; though when you write to your equals, date it at the bottom on the left-hand.

For ending of the letters to any noble perſon, conclude, *Your Grace's moſt humble and devoted ſervant*; or, *Your ever obliging ſervant to command*, ſo to the others.

To Parents, *Your moſt dutiful and obedient ſon*, &c.

To other kindred, *Moſt loving and affectionate*, &c. or, *Your obliging friend and ſervant.*

*Examples of external or outward ſuperſcriptions, commonly called Directions of Letters, as they refer to Perſons of different Qualities to the ſending.*

TO *the King*; otherwiſe, *To the King's moſt Excellent Majeſty.*

To the Queen's moſt excellent Majeſty.

For the Prince, or Princeſs, *To His*, or *Her Royal Highneſs*;

*Highneſs:* and ſo for the reſt as before, only putting *To* for *May it pleaſe your*, &c. likewiſe you muſt name the titles or dignities, as, *To the Right Honourable the Marquis of C.* and ſo of the reſt as the dignities require.

Note, That every Privy Counſellor is ſtyled *Right Honourable*, though not a nobleman, Ambaſſadors or Generals of armies are ſtyled *Excellencies*: as likewiſe is the Lord Leutenant of Ireland, Colonel is ſtyled *Honourable*. The Lord Mayor of London, during his mayorality, *Right Honourable*. The Sheriffs, *Right Worſhipful*, The Aldermen, *Worſhipful*. All who have been Mayors of towns, Maſters of companies or corporations, by the King's charter, are afterwards Eſquires, and ſo generally accepted. To ordinary Friends, Relations, and Correſpondents, ſubſcribe *To Mr. John*, or, *Mrs. Elizabeth ſuch a one*, naming their ſirnames, and the place of their abode, obſerving never to mention kindred or the relations in the title, or outward ſuperſcription of your letter, leſt you be laughed at, even by the poſt-boy, as many times thoſe are that write, *This with care and ſpeed*, as if it would make the horſe go faſter.

As to the making up of letters, they are various, as fancy beſt pleaſes, but the ſquare is the beſt to prevent tearing in the ſeal's being opened. In your inditing, let all your words be modeſt, and not run into any high flown extravagancy of compliments or expreſſions: for that kind of writing, by the judicious, is looked upon as expoſing your parts in hopes of praiſe or vainglory; and by the ignorant, though admired, yet not underſtood. You have ſeveral examples of letters, never before in print, by which you may be enabled to compile others, ſuitable to any reaſonable buſineſs.

*Fit and apt Expreſſions, on ſundry occaſions, for the Ornament and advancement of ſpeech, ſuch as may be moſt taking and pleaſing to either ſex.*

*Obliging Expreſſions to be given to Men.*

SIR, I am the moſt happy of all men, in having the honour to ſerve a perſon of your worth and quality; one ſo deſerving, that there is no greater felicity to me, on this ſide heaven, than your converſation.

Kind Sir, I return you my moſt unfeigned acknowledgement for the favours I have received at your hands, hoping it will in ſome meaſure be in my power to render you ſignal thanks, and a more ſuitable reward.

Ever honoured Sir, What lies in me, to ſerve you, freely command, and nothing ſhall be wanting that is within the compaſs of my power to oblige you.

Sir, Since it is my happineſs thus accidentally to meet you, I cannot do leſs than pay my reſpects to you in the moſt obliging manner.

Dear Friend, I am overjoyed at your happineſs, and entirely wiſh and pray for a long and proſperous continuance of it.

Kind Sir, I am extremely happy in the favour you do me in this viſit.

Sir, I owe obedience to your command, and am impatient till I'm informed by you, in what I may ſerve you.

In earneſt, Sir, I do acknowledge myſelf bound to your goodneſs, and ſhall make it my ſtudy to retaliate ſo great a liberality, as far as it lies in my power.

In the bond of friendſhip, I conjure you to make uſe of me in what lies in my power to ſerve you.

Loving Friend, It makes my happineſs increaſe to ſee you thrive and proſper in the world.

Sir, I am ever your humble ſervant to obey your commands.

*Suitable Expreſſions, in obliging Terms, to Women of ſundry Qualities.*

MAdam, you have laid ſo many obligations on me, that I know not how, without your inſtructions, to retaliate them.

Kind

Kind Madam, your obliging good nature has chained me to your intereſt.

Fair Lady, your charms are ſo powerful, that in ſpight of all reſiſtance, they have made my heart your priſoner.

Madam, as you are fair and beautiful, exceeding all others; ſo be generous and merciful to him that is your ſlave.

Dear Mrs. E. I have a long time waited in vain for a ſmile from your fair lips, and inſtead of it have met with frowns. Oh, be more kind, or leſs fair.

Moſt worthy Mrs. C. accept the ſervice a lover renders you, when he beſtows himſelf and all his fortunes.

Sweet Jenny, look upon me with melting eyes, and tell me, will you be mine to make me happy.

Pray Madam, command me in what you pleaſe, that my readineſs to ſerve you may prove my obedience.

Sweet Lady, your virtues have ſo ſtrangely taken up my thoughts, that therein they increaſe and multiply in abundant felicity.

Pretty Mrs, Mary, what ſhall I ſay more than I have done, to make you underſtand how much I love you?

Honeſt Jane, in good earneſt, I have a month's mind to you, and if you will have me, tell me ſo, and then I will prepare for our wedding againſt next Sunday.

Come, Nancy, be not ſo coy; you know I have loved you long, and am, and ever ſhall remain, your humble ſervant, to pleaſe you in all things.

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## To the READER,

Reader,

FOR the benefit and advantage of both ſexes was this treatiſe compiled, containing matters both pleaſant and profitable, which I hope will prove to the ſatisfaction of ſuch as peruſe it, and prove inſtrumental to encourage youth to learn ſuch things as may tend to their accompliſhment, and render them capable of modeſt behaviour, and to demean themſelves in all companies, &c. To which is added, The neweſt inſtructions for carving Fiſh, Fleſh, Fowl, &c. alſo, The ſignification of Moles, and the Interpretation of dreams, *as you will find at large in the following pages.*

RULES

# RULES OF CIVILITY;

## OR, THE

# ART OF GOOD BREEDING.

## CHAP. I.

### *Advice to Parents and Children.*

WHEN parents are bleſſed with children, which are given as pledges of Heaven's peculiar favour, there is a duty incumbent on them to be careful in bringing them up, ſo that they may neither diſhonour God nor them; to prevent which, there is no better meaſure to be taken, than to exact an early obedience: not by ſeverity, or over fondneſs, for neither of them prevail as they ought, but a middle promotion, ſuch a way as is moſt ſuitable to their temper and inclination; for ſeverity ſtupifies youth, or by beating, it renders the party obſtinate: and too much fondneſs cauſes diſregard and contempt; now that middle way propoſed, is, by keeping them at an awful diſtance, ſo that in time, being made ſenſible to whom, next to Heaven, they owe their being, they may be grounded in their duty, and pay that reſpect and reverence which becomes them, conſidering that no diſobedient children ever proſpered; and rightly weighing, that they never can return full ſatisfaction for the labour and trouble, care, and coſt, their parents continually beſtow, for tenderneſs and fears that frequently poſſeſs them, and the hard ſhifts that are commonly made for their maintainance and ſupport, in bringing them up in the world, and providing ſuch education as may qualify them for buſineſs, employment, or genteel carriage; but to perfect this on either hand, there is no readier way than to bring them up in the fear of God, which is the beginning of true wiſdom.

And thus in brief, to you parents: what elſe remains, their own abilities will ſupply, whilſt I proceed to give advice unto youth, in the ſpring-tide of their days.

CHAP.

## CHAP. II.

*Advice to Youth, or Directions about Good Breeding and civil Behaviour.*

A Young man, having paſſed the tender follies of childhood, trained up in obedience to ſuperiors, governors, and parents, muſt conſider, that nothing can grace him better, or render him more accompliſhed than good manners, and civil behaviour, grounded upon virtue; nothing, I ſay, can gain greater credit among men, and theſe are to be attained divers ways; as 1ſt, By learning. 2dly, By example. 3dly, By education, And, 4thly, By good natural parts, and moral virtue. By good manners, is meant a comely, decent carriage; and, in this caſe, it behoves the youth (that would be accounted and eſteemed an accompliſhed perſon) to ſtand uncovered before his parents and ſuperiors; not ſit, unleſs commanded, and then not preſently, nor longer than is neceſſary; nor in any wiſe to be full of ſpeech, nor to interrupt any one in their diſcourſe, being cautious to anſwer unleſs ſpoke to, or that his affairs require it. He muſt refrain to ſtare full in the face of any perſon in the company, unleſs he hold diſcourſe with him, and then he muſt in nowiſe be overfond of his own argument, but ſubmit to a judgement: and if he diſcourſe with his ſuperiors, it is ſeemly to bend now and then, in token of humility, or ſubmitting unto them, as wiſer and more knowing than himſelf; courteous to all, and behave himſelf proudly to none; never forgetting to honour learning and old age. He muſt likewiſe be endued with a generous pity, and be maſter, as much as poſſible, of his paſſions; eſpecially, he muſt avoid anger and hatred, be free from malice, and ſtudy of revenge, carrying himſelf courteous, affable, and with a mild and winning behaviour towards either ſex.

*And ſo a good repute you'll gain,*
*For ſuch a virtue envy cannot ſtain.*

## CHAP. III.

*The neweſt Inſtructions for carving Fleſh, Fiſh, Fowl, &c. The terms of Art uſed therein; and how to know the beſt and moſt acceptable Pieces, in order to preſent them to any particular Friend or any Perſon of Quality, &c. The curious Art and Myſtery of carving Fiſh, Fleſh, and Fowl, and other Delicacies, after a decent, modiſh, and courtly manner.*

TO be accounted curious Carvers, the parties muſt not only be provided with good knives, forks, &c. but bring their hands and arms, by practice, to ſuch a nimbleneſs and dexterity, as may take away tedioufneſs in the undertaking, which above all things proves troubleſome to the gueſts, and ought to be avoided.

The next thing to be conſidered, is, to proceed in this affair with much neatneſs and cleanly management, having plates, napkins, &c. ever at hand, to prevent indecency, &c.

Theſe rules obſerved, we now proceed to give directions in the beſt and moſt approved method.

The terms in carving, whereby the directions may be underſtood, are theſe, viz. *Unjoint a Bittern; Diſplay a Crane; Diſfigure a Peacock, and Hen; Diſmember a Hern; Unbrace a Mallard; Unlace a Coney; Bard a Lobſter; Teme a Crab; Break a Deer; Wing a Partridge; Thigh a Woodcock; Rear a Gooſe; Liſt a Swan: Turſs a Chick; Disjoint a Quarter of Lamb, a Loin of Veal, or any Butcher's Meat; Chine a Salmon: Sauce a Tench; Splay a Baeam; Side a Hopdeck; Turk a Barbel; Leach a Collar of Brawn.* And, in cutting up ſmall birds, as Larks, Pigeons, Blackbirds, Woodcocks, &c. the propereſt way is to ſay, *Thigh them.*

Theſe being the terms, we, in the next place, come to the practice.

*To unbrace a Mullard, Teal, or Widgeon;* Having fixed your fork advantageouſly, turn the point of your knife under the wings, and raiſe them, but take them not

not off; do the like to the legs; raiſe likewiſe the merry thought, and lace down the breaſt, ſo that any of them may be taken off with eaſe and at deſire.

*To rear a Gooſe;* Take off the thigh and belly-piece, open the wing, take off the merry-thought, and lace down the breaſt about a thumb's breadth, in ſundry lacings, on each ſide of the breaſt bone.

*To cut a Turkey, Buſtard, or Capon;* Raiſe the legs, open the joints with the point of your knife, take them not off, but lace down the breaſt, raiſing the wings, and taking off the merry-thought.

*To liſt a Swan;* Paſs your knife through the breaſt, and then proceed to do ſo by the back, laying her in halves in the diſh, then cut the ſide downwards.

*To lace a Coney, or Hare;* Take off the ſhoulders and legs, paſs the knife down the ſides, chine her at the ſhoulders, in the middle, and upon the huntſman's piece.

*To chine a Salmon;* Paſs your knife down the back, divide the jole, make your middle-pieces, and lay the tail entire.

*To leach Brawn;* Is no better than cutting it into clever ſlices

All butcher's meat muſt be fairly jointed; to do which, you muſt keep your eye and your mind upon the joint; that ſo, your knife ſlipping in by ſo evident a direction, you may with eaſe take of the piece you intend, and preſent it at the end of your fork.

As for tarts, cuſtards, &c. you muſt cut them up cleverly and make your preſentments at the point of your knife, or on a plate, &c.

## CHAP. IV.

*The beſt pieces for choice friends: an account of which they be.*

THE beſt and moſt acceptable pieces are the wings of all wild fowl, and the legs of all tame fowl, the middle part of a coney or hare. That between the head and middle piece of any fiſh, the fat-piece turned

out in the middle of a haunch of veniſon; the piece under the handle of a ſhoulder of mutton, lamb, veal, or veniſon; the little bone on the bend of a leg of lamb or mutton; the fleſhy inſide, or fat and loin of a ſurloin, or any ſuch piece of beef; the nut or fat piece in the middle of a loin of veal; the claw of a crab: the tail of a lobſter: the nut under the ear of a calf's, or lamb's head: the round piece in the middle of a Weſtphalia ham, or neat's tongue, and of all pyes, tarts, &c. that are covered, the moſt convenient corner; and by this obſervation you may reach to the perfection of any other thing of this kind, gaining credit and reputation thereby.

## CHAP V.

*Complimental Rules to accompliſh Gentlemen in accoſting or addreſſing themſelves.*

THE next thing to be obſerved, are the accompliſhments of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, dancing, and the like: but to give rules for theſe would be too tedious in this place, wherefore I ſhall only here mention the proper behaviour upon his entrance into company, or upon an accidental meeting in the ſtreet: and in this caſe, the qualities of perſons are to be conſidered, but I ſhall propoſe in general. If a young man enter into a room, on his approaching thoſe he intends to pay his reſpects to, he muſt do his reverence at a convenient diſtance, and bow with his hat in his right hand, and then advance three ſteps traverſe-ways, and by degrees approach the party: and if there be more than one, he muſt ſalute them ſeverally; if a man, by a genteel embrace, in preſſing the left ſide with his right arm: if a woman, a proffered ſalute, if not a real one; and then the impreſſion ought rather to be made upon the cheek than the lips. As for compliments, in ſuch like accoſting, theſe may ſerve in many caſes.

Sir, I am the humbleſt of your ſervants.

Sir, I am tranſported with the happineſs I promiſe myſelf in your good company.

Sir,

Sir, The honour you do me is beyond expreſſion.

Madam, This bleſſing is beyond expectation.

Dear Madam, I am yours to command in life and death.

Lady. How great is my happineſs in having acceſs to your preſence.

## CHAP. VI.

### *Advice to young Virgins and Gentlewomen.*

A Virgin being arrived at Maturity, ſufficient to underſtand herſelf as ſhe ought, the firſt thing conſiderable to render her accompliſhed, is modeſty, the only guard of her reputation: for if any of the ſofter ſex renounce that, and lightly eſteem it, they open a way to their ruin, and the beſt accompliſhment is thereby deſtroyed, for that's the chief virtue that proclaims our native innocence, and an ornament that ought to be held in great eſteem; wherefore a virgin endued with this, muſt obſerve to manage it to her advantage: firſt, ſhe muſt be humble and meek, not given to much laughing and childiſh toying: her mirth ought to be harmleſs and innocent: ſhe muſt refrain herſelf from much talk, and avoid thoſe that talk idle. When at any time ſhe diſcourſes with men, ſhe muſt look a little downwards, or on one ſide, not ſtare in their faces, leſt it be interpreted in the worſt ſenſe: her carriage muſt be demure, but not with too much reſervedneſs, leſt it be taken for pride: her words ought to be few, and thoſe well conſidered, and well weighed, before delivered: if any offer to ſalute her, ſhe muſt rather retire than advance: to all ſuperiors ſhe muſt give place, as likewiſe reſpect to her inferiors, ſeldom or never ſuffering herſelf to be idle, leſt her weakneſs ſhould give way to wanton thoughts, learning for her better accompliſhment, ſuch curious arts as are concordant with her ſex. In her going, ſhe muſt obſerve to keep her body upright and even, her feet within compaſs, moving directly forward. When ſhe enters any company, ſhe muſt curtſey thrice in her approach, bending firſt backwards, and then

bearing forward, bear up, and pay her reſpects in ſome quaint compliment, if to a woman: but, if to men, ſilence is the beſt, unleſs ſhe be aſked in any queſtion; and in this caſe, to furniſh ſuch as are unprovided, the following expreſſions may ſerve, or ſuch like as are ſuitable.

Madam, I am your ladyſhip's moſt affectionate ſervant.

Madam, I am an honourer, I wiſh I could ſay, an imitator of your virtues.

Madam, I wiſh you all health and happineſs.

Madam, I wiſh you all joy and proſperity.

Madam, I bleſs the moment that gave me opportunity to enjoy your company, &c.

Having thus very briefly diſcourſed, the next thing convenient, will be to give our young gentleman ſome inſight in behaviour, relating to courtſhip,

*Which may perhaps to his advantage prove,*
*And help him in the art of making love.*

## CHAP. VII.

### *Advice to Youth in the Art of Courtſhip, and making Love.*

WHEN a young gentleman or any other, has found a Conquereſs of his affection, one that he can entirely love, let him not rudely accoſt her if ſhe be a virgin, leſt his good meaning be taken in evil part, and his unadviſed raſhneſs be a means to fruſtrate his deſigns, but rather try her at a diſtance with preſents, and a complimental letter, not penned to the height of extravagance, and be delivered up by ſome truſty female hand, that has intereſt in her affections, and can mould her into good humour, though a winter ſtorm ſits on her brow: theſe at firſt, ten to one, ſhe will refuſe, alledging ſhe knows not the man, and why ſhould ſhe receive things from a ſtranger who has no reaſon to beſtow them: and, perhaps, in a pretended pet, will order them to be returned, but will give charge, that the matter may be ſo ordered, that he be not altogether diſcouraged; for it may be, ſays ſhe, he may deſerve a better fortune than myſelf. Then it is his buſineſs to walk before her window, or watch her going abroad, that ſhe may

may have a perfect ſight of him, which commonly creates a liking love: whereupon a ſecond attempt being made, ſhe conſents to an interview, tho', upon his viſit, ſhe pretends to know nothing of the matter, and proteſts that ſhe is not for marriage, yet cannot be ſo rude as to deny a civil gentleman a friendly entertainment; though, if our youngſter can read the language of her eyes, he will find them ſpeak another dialect. And if he makes his addreſſes frequent (though not too early or too late, leſt he ſurprize her unarrayed, or detain her from her reſt, both which will give diſtaſte, and make her froward and peeviſh) he may hope to ſucceed: yet, by the way, he muſt have a care he ſet not too great a value upon her beauty, leſt ſhe grow proud, and conceit herſelf more than woman. If the attack be made upon a widow, there is no way after the ice is once broke, like opportunity and reſolution, in ſpight of all reſiſtance, not to be denied, to haunt her like her ſhadow, and fill her ears with themes of love, ſettled with a few ſcattered proteſtations, which is the only way to obtain her. And ſince a letter in both caſes may not prove amiſs, I ſhall inſert a copy that may indifferently ſerve.

Dear Madam,

SINCE I had the happineſs to ſee you, I have been very deſirous of a greater happineſs, which is, to be admitted a few minutes into your preſence, that I may tell you how much I love you, whoſe beauty, and whoſe virtues are ſo many and ſo rare, that all mankind muſt in truth do the ſame: yet ſurely none can have a boundleſs love like mine, who ſleeping or waking, fancy your bright idea repreſents itſelf. A t..fle I have ſent you as a preſent, hoping it will find acceptance, though I could have wiſhed myſelf to have been the bearer: however; hoping it may find a happy entertainment, it will exalt his drooping thoughts, who is,

Your moſt affectionate, and obedient ſervant, J. C.

*And thus, you ſee, the train of love is laid,*
*For ſubtil widows, or a baſhful maid.*

The

THE

# MOST EXACT AND APPROVED

# FORTUNE-TELLER;

Shewing the good or bad Fortune in either Sex, eſpecially to Maids, Widows, Widowers, and Batchelors.

*Signs of ſpeedy Marriage, and good Succeſs attending it by ſundry Signs.*

1. FOR a woman to have the firſt and laſt letters of her Chriſtian name, the ſame with the man's ſirname that makes love to her, denotes a great union, and a generous love.

2. For a man to have the firſt and laſt letters of his Chriſtian name the ſame with the woman's ſirname, denotes the ſame.

3. To think on a party on a ſudden awaking, without any meditation, on a Friday morning, that before had a place in the affection of man or woman, is a demonſtration of love or extraordinary friendſhip.

4. If a ring accidentally fall off a man's finger, that is under no obligation of marriage, and runs directly to the feet of a maid or widow, it denotes not only that he is in love with the party, but that a ſudden marriage will enſue.

5. The ſinging of a Robin-red-breaſt at your window, in the time of courtſhip, on a Wedneſday, is a ſign you ſhall have the party deſired.

6. If walking abroad with your ſweet-heart, you perceive a pair of pigeons circle you round, it is a ſign of marriage and happineſs to enſue, with much content.

7. If a hare croſs you on a Saturday morning, it promiſes happy days, riches and pleaſure.

*Signs*

*Signs to chuſe Huſbands and good Wives.*

1. IF the party be of a ruddy complexion, high and full noſed, his eye brows bending arch wiſe, his eyes ſtanding full, of a black and lively colour; it denotes him good natured, ingenious, and born to good fortune, and the like in a woman, if born under the planet Jupiter.

2. If the party be phlegmatick, lean, and of a duſky complexion, given much to muſing and melancholy; beware of ſuch a one, of what ſex ſoever.

3. An indifferent wide mouth, and full cheeks, ſmooth forehead, little ears, dark brown hair, and a chin proportionable to the face, is very promiſing.

4. An extraordinary long chin, with the under-lip larger than the upper, ſignifies a croſs-grained perſon, fit for little buſineſs, yet given to folly.

5. A well ſet broad chin in a man, his face being round, and not too great; and a dimple or dent in a woman's cheek, or chin, denotes they will come together and live happily.

*Several Characters or Semblances of Letters and Lines in the Hand, as they tend to ſignify Riches, Honour, long Life, Marriage, ſhort Life, Poverty, Loſs, and Number of Wives, Children, Sickneſs, untimely Death, and many other Things, according to the Art of Palmeſtry, &c.*

THere are in this caſe divers letters, lines appearing in the hand, by which the wiſe in all ages have given judgement in the foregoing premiſes.

If the letter A be found in the Mount of Jupiter, or at the root of the middle finger, it promiſes growing fortune, and perhaps conſiderable preferments by the favour of princes and great men.

If B be found on the Mount of the Sun, which is at the root of the finger, it ſignifies length of days, proſperity, and much to be beloved; as alſo a virtuous perſon.

If C, with a ſtar over it, appears on the Mount of

Venus

Venus, it gives the perſon early and happy marriage, promiſes many children, and a happy life.

If the letter L be on the Mount of Saturn, which is at the root of the middle finger, and cut with croſs lines, it denotes the party to be under much affliction, to be given to melancholy, and ſhort lived.

The letter K on the Mount of Mercury, which is at the root of the little finger, denotes the party to riſe to preferment by ingenuity and marriage.

The letter D on the Mount of the Moon, denotes the party kind, good natured, and much beloved.

The letter G in the Plain of Mars, near the Line of Life, ſpeaks the party to be of a violent temper, given to anger, and threatens him or her with ſudden untimely death; however, to a woman it promiſes a huſband that grows great in military affairs: and thus much for characters of this kind.

*Lines in the Hand, the ſignification relating to Love, marriage, Buſineſs, and the like.*

IF the Table Line be broad, fair, and well coloured, it ſignifies the party, if a man, will have two wives; if a woman, as many huſbands.

If the Line of Life extends itſelf from the foot of the fore-finger to the Mount of the Moon, or to the brawn of the hand, then it denotes long life; but, if it be cut ſhort, and divided by many croſſes, the contrary.

If the Girdle of Venus, which reaches from the outſide of the hand to the root of the middle finger, be fair and well proportioned, and not cut or divided by croſs lines, the party is promiſed extraordinary advantages by marriage. Several little croſſes upon the Liver Line, which runs directly through the hand, denotes ſickneſs, and an unhealthy conſtitution; but, if it be fair and clear, ſignifies health and long life.

If little direct lines come from the root of the finger, they ſignify a woman to have two huſbands, and to a man riches and preferment.

If they have three large lines on the joint of the wriſt, it denotes eaſy child-bearing, and ſubject to miſcarriage.

If

If the nails of the hand be tranſparent, red, long and of a fair complexion, it is a ſign of health and long life; but if cloudy, dark, or of a lead colour, the contrary.

If a line break towards the fore or middle finger end blunt, it betokeneth riches and preferment to men, and to women kind huſbands.

If there happen a cut or ſeparation between the two laſt fingers, it denotes loſs, hurt, or ruin, to the party, by commerce or law ſuits: and this much for their ſignification.

### *Short Inſtructions for calculating Nativities, and knowing good and bad Fortunes thereby.*

IN this caſe, to know the day and hour of the birth, the planets as they decline or predominate in the conſtitution, are to be obſerved; and here we find the Moon predominates over phlegmatick; Jupiter over the ſanguine; Mars over the cholerick; Saturn over the melancholy: Mercury temperates melancholy: Venus the plegmatick: and the Sun (as the greateſt arbitrator) temperates all; and ſo according to the conſtitution of the body we find the planets lords of the aſcendant in nativities.

### *How Nativities are to be managed in their Calculations.*

IN this caſe, having obſerved by the complexion of lineaments, what planet was lord or aſcendant at the nativity, obſerve by the rule of art, how the planet operates more or leſs, and if no difficulty appears therein, the party either he or ſhe born in the firſt houſe of the ſign of the Zodaic, whereunto the planet rules, of which take an example. If the party be white and fair complexioned, the noſe conſiderably long, and hair flaxen, the eye-brows thick, and eyes bright and ſhining, then Venus being in the firſt part of Taurus, and that being found to be in the firſt houſe of the planets, propoſing your queſtion, having well conſidered the month, day, and hour of the aſcendant, even to the minute, and noting whether it be in the houſe of Life,

which

which is the firſt, or the Houſe of indignities, being the tenth, or the Houſe of Sickneſs, &c. And the figure being erected from hence, knowing the exact time, you may give judgement in love, honour, riches, preferment, fortune, or misfortune of any kind, and what may happen from time to time.

### *The Wheel of Fortune, and what is meant by it.*

WHen any deſire to know a queſtion, ſtate any number not exceeding thirty, to that let the number of the day be added, and the firſt letter of your name, and the letter may perhaps prove a literal figure: and let the number be divided by three, and if the diviſion comes even, then expect a good iſſue of what you require, whether relating to love, buſineſs, or the like; but if broken and odd, then the ſucceſs will be bad, if not altogether unfortunate.

### *Another Way of Trial.*

HAving Pythagoras' wheel before you, to know whether you ſhall marry the party you deſire, take the Chriſtian and ſirname and add thereto the number of the planets and days of the week, and joining them into one number, divide them; and if the number fall in the upper part of the wheel, it is fortunate: but in the lower part, no ſucceſs; and thus you may proceed in the caſe of riches, honour, taking a journey, pleaſure, ſickneſs, health, and many other things too tedious here to be mentioned.

### *Several Queries reſolved in Matters of Love and Buſineſs, by throwing the Die, or pricking at a Figure, after the Rules of the following table.*

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| B | | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| C | | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| D | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| E | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

WHAT number you throw, go to that or elſe what number or letter you prick upon, they being covered with a piece of paper, through which you muſt prick.

*As*

*As to what kind of a Huſband a Widow or Maid ſhall have.*

A Handſome youth be ſure you'll have,
Brown hair'd, high nos'd; he'll keep thee brave.
2 A man unto thy lot will fall,
Straight, but neither ſhort nor tall.
3 An honeſt tradeſman is thy lot;
When he proffers, ſlight him not.
4 Fair, ruddy buſhy-hair'd is thy love;
He'll keep thee well, and call thee ſtill his dove.
5 A widower, tho' rich, thou'lt marry:
You for a huſband won't long tarry.
6 Proper and gay will be the man
That will thee wed, my pretty Nan.

*Whether a Maid ſhall have him ſhe loves.*

BE not too coy he is your own;
But through delay he may be gone.
2 He of your wiſhes does not know;
He'd ſoon comply if it were ſo.
3 Come, ſet thy heart at reſt, I ſay:
He will but plunder, and away.
4 Fear not, thy neighbour is the man;
And he will have thee; if he can,
5 Shew him more kindneſs, he will ſpeak,
His heart with ſilence elſe will break.
6 Sigh thou no more; he does relent,
And his inconſtancy repent.

*How many Huſhands you may expect, &c.*

COme, in the town thou firſt ſhalt wed,
A ſtranger next ſhall grace thy bed.
2 With one well lov'd thy life ſhall be,
And happy days in marriage ſee.
3 The ſtars three huſbands do preſage,
And thou ſhalt die in good old age.

4 Wed betimes, or elſe I fear,
Thou wilt not much for wedlock care.
5 Too much pride will make thee tarry,
Yet, after all that, thou ſhalt marry.
6 Accept the ring thy love doth give;
For long in wedlock he'll not live.

*Whether it is beſt to marry or not.*

DOn't fear, thy huſband will be kind,
And he is one ſhall pleaſe thy mind.
2 If he be of complexion fair,
For thee that man I do prepare.
3 Come, never fear, it will be well,
Or ſay, I can no fortune tell.
4 Pray loſe no time; for if you do,
Age will come on, and you will rue.
5 If this match ſlip, you may long ſtay;
Then take kind Will without delay.
6 Cupid commands thee now to do't,
Then pr'ythee make no more diſpute.

*Queries about fortunate Days.*

ALL Mondays in the year indifferent are,
Yet the event thereof bids you beware.
2 On Tueſday cruel Mars doth reign,
Beware of ſtrife, leſt blows you gain.
3 On Wedneſday witty projects make;
For Mercury the rule does ſpeak.
4 Mild Jove rules Thurſday, do not fear;
'Tis proſperous throughout the year.
5 Fair Venus Friday does approve,
And on that day does proſper love.
6 Saturn, next doth rule, beware,
And take in hand no great affair.
*Laſtly*, Sol rules, whoſe golden aſpect ſhews,
He all things mildly does to good diſpoſe.

## JOYFUL TIDINGS TO THE FEMALE SEX.

OR,

## GOOD NEWS TO YOUNG MEN AND MAIDS.

*Good News for Maidens. Oh! now or never for handſome Huſbands, and the ſureſt Methods they are to take for obtaining them.*

IN this caſe it is but reaſonable, pretty maidens, we ſhould firſt take care of you, and provide for your wants, ſeeing yours are the greateſt, never having taſted of the comforts and refreſhments of love in a matrimonial way: tho' I doubt not ſome of you have had very pleaſant dreams that have given you a proſpect of ſome ſhadow, a feeling of the tickling recreations of thoſe that tumble and toſs between a pair of Holland ſheets, with kind and obliging huſbands, who will, according to their abilities, deny them nothing they long for, as often as they ſhall reaſonably require it.

In the firſt place, then, if you want a conſiderable fortune, which in theſe days ſets all faces, and makes unſhapen bodies and ſcurvy conditions appear tolerable, great ones ſtoop to the bait of a broom-man, and I know not what other wonders: let your behaviour be ſober, bridle your paſſions, appear in company affable and courteous, give not yourſelves to affectation, or much talking, laugh not unſeemly, which diſtorts and wrinkles a good face, and looks in many, more like crying than laughing. Be not over familiar, nor tinctured with the ſmalleſt ingredients of any unſeemly pride, but carry an even temper, go decent, and not too gaudy, caſt not your eyes wantonly about, nor ſtare at men when they look you in the face: but being aſked queſtions, anſwer with modeſty, but not too fooliſhly or baſhfully: for always obſerve, too much coyneſs, or too much confidence, which is interpreted by many

no other than impudence, or too much forwardneſs: giving a ſuſpicion you have been at the buſineſs you wot on before hand, and are in a haſte for a cloak to cover your ſtolen ware. But, come nearer to the purpoſe.

When, by theſe good humours, you find one addreſs you, be not too pliant, before you know he is in earneſt, and then uſe him, if he be rich, or one that you could willingly take for a huſband, draw him on with good humour and gentleneſs: but though he attempt to try your chaſtity by laſcivious actions, mildly reprove him, and keep him at a reaſonable diſtance, giving him reaſons to the contrary, and ſhew him his folly, which will make him ſee he is miſtaken in you, and then he will be aſhamed, and ground in himſelf a good opinion of your virtues, which will the more endear him to you: and when you find him coming, and melting at your charms, take him in the loving humour, and bind him faſt, by, I *A.* take thee to be my wedded huſband, to have and to hold, leſt his hot love, by delays, put off, take breath, and cool again into an indifferency, which has made a virgin repent the folly of her diſſembled coyneſs.

And, by the bye, let me tell you, I would not have you throw away the jewel you ſo highly prize, upon every fool or blockhead; but, by theſe rules, and timeing well your love, you may as well get a huſband rich and handſome, as a ſpendthrift, or one that will keep you with a lean ſorrow.

The moſt proſperous days to carry on theſe intrigues, or make love bargains, are the days when Jupiter or Venus is lord or lady of the aſcendant, which are Thurſdays and Fridays: by no means to be married on a rainy day; for that preſages a lowering ſtate of life for the future.

*Theſe rules obſerv'd advantage you will gain,*
*And profit get, and pleaſure without pain;*
*It more than all petitioning will do;*
*You'll catch your game, and yet you need not ſue.*

No

*No ſnare like a diſſembling modeſty;*
*The ſenſe it charms, while faces charm the eye,*
*And chains the lover that he cannot fly.*
*Many a poor laſs by this has richly wed,*
*And gone at night a lady to her bed.*

*Inſtructions how Old Maids and Old Wives may get Rich Young Huſbands, &c.*

NOW you old maids and old widows, who have overſtood your good fortunes, your turns come next to be ſerved; for although the marks may perhaps be out of your mouths, yet the jockies in Smithfield will tell you ſuch cattle are marketable, and will go off, though at lower rates, when rubbed up, and new vamped a little: you have indeed, you muſt confeſs, over ſtood your market, but there is ſome hopes you may get off, if you obſerve theſe rules.

Firſt, then, If you have any money, be frequently handling and playing with it; for that is a great temptation, as the world goes now, I can aſſure you. Perhaps your induſtry, or the bequeathing of ſome friend, has furniſhed you with rings: let them be ſeen to the beſt advantage; they may be inſtrumental to procure you a good huſband; ſmooth up your wrinkles with pomatum and ſtraight fore-head-bands, and keep your mouths even: draw them not up like a purſe, nor be affected with too flaunting an attire; be not too fond of young men, for that will make them ſhy in their addreſſes; go neat and clean, and when you are kiſſed, don't do it open mouth'd, nor uſe the way of ſucking, as many of you do; for that betrays you to be ill-manner'd: don't appear to doat on your lover, but give him a kind and civil reception; feign a little coyneſs, be not too cold; waſh your eyes with eye-bright water, to keep in their dying ſparks, and uſe now and then a little perfume.

*And when you've got him, hug him as you pleaſe,*
*And when he does your drudgery, give him eaſe.*

*If old your huſbands be and ſuit your ſtate,*
*Jog ſoftly on, and ſo preſerve your mate;*
*So you a happy life may have tho' late.*

*The Art of getting and keeping money in hard times, &c.*

NOW you'll ſay we are come to a hard taſk, and ſo indeed we find it; but by the way, there is nothing too hard for induſtry: to be brief then, for while the graſs grows, the ſteed may ſtarve, as the old ſaying is: this ſort of metal cannot be drawn into your pockets, but by the load ſtone of induſtry; it is an enemy to thoſe that haunt ale houſes and taverns, and flies away from them like quick-ſilver. It only loves the thrifty, and ſticks by them to the laſt: get up early in the morning, and mind your buſineſs, make no fooliſh bargains, enter not into the ſhip called ſurety, leſt you be caſt away upon the priſon rocks, where you may happen to be ſhipwrecked for life.

*Thus you will get a friend that will ſtand by,*
*And help you out, when all the others fly,*
*Or ſtand a loof and gaze, but wont come nigh.*

*Of the evil or perilous days in every month in the year.*

THere are certain days in the year, which it concerns all perſons to know, becauſe they are perilous and dangerous: for on theſe days, if any man or woman ſhall be let blood, they ſhall die within twenty one days following; and whoſo falleth ſick on any of theſe days, they ſhall certainly die; and whoſo beginneth a journey on any of theſe days, he ſhall be in danger of death before he return: alſo he that marrieth a wife on any of theſe days, they ſhall either be quickly parted, or elſe live together with much ſorrow and diſcontent. And, laſtly, Whoſoever on any of theſe days beginneth any great buſineſs, it will never proſper, nor come to its deſired perfection. Now ſince thoſe days are ſo unfortunate, it highly concerns every one to know and take

take notice of them; which, that the reader may do, I have here ſet down in the following order.

In January are eight days; that is to ſay, the 1ſt, 2d, 4th, 5th, 10th, 15th, 17th, and 19th. In February are three days, that is, the 8th, 17th, and 19th. In March are three days, that is, the 15th, 16th, and 21ſt. In April are two days, the 15th and 21ſt. In May are three days, the 15th, 17th, and 20th. In June are two days, the 4th and 17th. In July are two days, the 15th and 20th. In Auguſt are two days, the 20th and 25th. In September are two days, the 6th and 7th. In October is one day, the 6th. In November are two days the 15th and 19th. In December are three days, the 5th, 6th, and 11th, and others ſay the 15th and 19th.

But, beſides theſe, there are alſo the canicular or dog days, which are days of great danger or peril: they begin the 30th day of July, and end the 7th day of September, during which time it is very dangerous to fall ſick, take phyſick, or to be let blood; but if neceſſity call for it, it is beſt to be done before the midſt of the day,

## *A treatiſe on Moles, according to the Opinion of learned Authors, together with their Signification.*

A Mole on the left ſide of the ſtomach denotes a luxurious perſon.

A mole on the left ſhoulder denotes trouble and affliction.

A mole on the left ſhoulder, near the arm, denotes the perſon given to quarrels, ſtrife and hatred.

A mole on the middle of the ſtomach denotes a dangerous diſeaſe.

A mole on the right ſide of the forehead promiſes riches and proſperity, and a mole on the right temple ſignifies the ſame.

A mole on the left corner of the eye denotes the party ſubject to melancholy, and the diſeaſes that proceed therefrom.

A mole on the left cheek denotes poverty and affliction.

A

A mole on the lower part of the tip of the right ear threatens the party with drowning.

A mole near the bottom of the noſtrils, predicts a man or woman fortunate or lucky.

A mole on the middle of the right breaſt denotes the perſon ingenious and given to induſtry.

A mole on the left ſide of the belly denotes afflictions and croſſes.

A mole on the left buttock threatens ſickneſs and trouble.

A mole on the right foot denotes the party to be endued with wiſdom and eloquence.

A mole on the left foot denotes raſh actions, whereby the party ſhall be endangered.

A mole on the huckle bone promiſes good fortune.

A mole on the groin, on the right ſide, denotes good fortune, and on the left the contrary.

A mole on the eye-brow ſignifies ſpeedy marriage, and a good huſband.

A mole on the lip ſignifies the party to be much beloved and very amorous.

A mole on the neck denotes ſome croſſes, but an happy iſſue in the end.

A mole on the left breaſt, upon the beating of the heart, exactly in one place, denotes the parties, if of different ſex, will come together in matrimony.

A mole on the left ſhoulder denotes labour, travail, and ſorrow.

A mole on the right thigh fortels riches and advantage by marriage, on the privities it doth the like.

A mole on the noſe fortels the birth of many children, and perſons powerful in generation.

A mole on the right cheek denotes a timely marriage, and ſuch a one as ſhall be proſperous.

A mole on the right knee of a woman denotes eaſy labour, and a loving huſband.

A mole on the left buttock denotes a pleaſing perſon, and one very much delighted in the work of generation.

A mole on the upper lip ſignifies good fortune in marriage, and eaſe in bearing children.

A mole on the knee denotes the party chaſte, and of a devout life and converſation.

A mole on the fore-head, juſt between the eye-brows, denotes you ſhall be favoured by great perſons, and come to much preferment.

A mole on the right cheek, ſeems to intimate the party greatly beloved, and proſperous in marriage, though ſomewhat late.

A mole on the ear betokens ſound judgement and much prudence.

A mole on the private parts ſignifies ability in generation, and many children.

A mole on the chin ſignifies early marriage, great pleaſure, and content.

A mole on the lower lip ſignifies much plenty, in ſome diſappointment in a marriage ſtate, perhaps inability in the perſon you affect.

A mole on the noſe ſignifies one capable of performing Venus' rites.

A mole on the right thigh, ſignifies the party ſhall marry to content.

## DREAMS, *and their Interpretations according to the Opinion of the learned.*

TO dream of much joy denotes the arrival of friends, or an eſtate, or good fortune to befal the party.

To dream of wearing rich apparel denotes poverty.

To dream of fire ſignifies anger.

To dream you are flying in the air ſignifies advancement or promotion.

To dream you weep denotes ſorrow and heavineſs.

To dream of ſerpents denotes private enemies.

To dream of the arrival of friends ſignifies a deliverance from trouble.

To dream of a black coffin denotes the death of ſome friend or relation.

To dream of riding ſignifies a ſudden journey, but ſudden return.

To

To dream of washing in the water denotes easement from pain or trouble.

To dream of a disease promises employment.

To dream of kisses and embraces betokens strife.

To dream of a banquet denotes poverty and want.

To dream of one that is dead denotes ill luck.

To dream one runs hastily denotes hasty news.

To dream of sore eyes signifies sickness.

To dream of friends dead denotes them well.

To dream of money signifies loss.

To dream one sees a fearful fight implies anger.

To dream of an assembly signifies sickness.

To dream of singing denotes grief and affliction.

To dream of changing places denotes strange and sudden news.

To dream of fishes in the water denotes amendment of life.

To dream of great floods, and that you fell into them, denotes strife and anger.

To dream of cackling of hens signifies the falling out of friends.

To dream one is dead signifies marriage.

To dream of falling out with ones sweet-heart denotes a sudden agreement, and forwardness in marriage.

If any one dream they are riding, it signifies they will soon receive a letter or note from some one they entirely love.

To dream of writing letters signifies joyful news, or tidings from a near relation.

If a maid or widow dreams a man puts a ring upon her finger, or ties on her garter, it denotes sudden marriage.

To dream one wears a garland, promises to the party honour, repute, and preferment.

To dream our living friends are dead is a sign they are in health.

To dream of lighted tapers denotes the party happy in friends' affection.

To dream one is in danger of being killed, yet escapes, denotes a deliverance from great danger.

To

To dream you embrace, without power to ſpeak, denotes the party to fall in love, and ſhall obtain the party deſired.

To dream of ſinging and muſic denotes you ſhall ſoon hear of the marriage of ſome relation.

To hear magpies chatter, ſignifies brawling and contention.

For a barren woman to dream ſhe embraces one of her own ſex, that in time ſhe ſhall have children: but unto a fruitful woman it denotes pain and ſorrow in child-bearing.

For lovers to dream they fall out and quarrel ſignifies conſtancy and affection.

To dream you ſee a little ſpring increaſe into a river or lake ſignifies an increaſe of riches and preferment.

To dream one receives a letter denotes good ſucceſs in love, or the ſpeedy arrival of abſent friends.

To dream of ſtorms and troubleſome ſky denotes anger.

To hear the ſinging of ſwallows denotes hurt by flatterers.

For a maid to dream ſhe kiſſed her ſweet-heart, is a ſign of true affection.

To dream you catch great ſtore of fiſh, denotes riches and plenty.

To dream of dead relations, promiſes the ſeeing of ſome friends.

To dream you receive money, is lucky, but of finding, money, is diſappointment.

For a maid to write the numeral figures in her own name, and lay them under the pillow the firſt Friday in the month; if ſhe dreams ſhe ſees any perſon writing or caſting accounts, ſhe may ſuddenly expect an offer of marriage, and to be happily wedded.

To dream of great fires, ſignifies great ſickneſs or diſcontent.

To dream the ſun ſhines bright in your houſe, foretels poverty.

To dream you ſee an egg hang by a ſtring at your bed's-head, ſignifies finding hidden treaſure.

To

To dream of ſhaking hands ſignifies courtſhip and love.

To dream of young birds, ſignifies child-birth.

## DREAMS, *with their various Interpretations.*

TO dream a treaſure hangs at your bed-ſide,
Is that you ſpeedily will become a bride,
And ſhall be rich; but if it vaniſh ſtraight,
Thy loſs and poverty is doom'd by fate.
To ſee great fires, much evil doth portend,
Perhaps the death of ſome near deareſt friend.
To dream you fly, doth haſty news preſage,
Or that you are born to ſee old age.
To dream a ring is on your finger plac'd,
Is that you ſoon with marriage ſhall be grac'd.
To dream of bells that ſtrangely backward ring,
Does always ſome ſad tidings ſurely bring.
To dream you are within your lover's arms,
Signifies joys, embraces, kiſſes, charms.
To dream you gaze upon the blazing ſun,
Denotes high honour and promotion.
To dream you dance and frolic with a man,
Denotes your wedding ſoon is coming on.
To dream you ſee a friend that's lately dead,
Denotes the loſs of an old maidenhead.
To hear birds ſing in any pleaſant place,
Shews joy to come, grief from your breaſt will chace.
To ſeem to kiſs, does ſignify the ſtate
Of fortune, marriage will be fortunate.
To dream the pleaſures of a wedding night,
Does promiſe ſoon you ſhall have ſuch delight.
To dream you ſee a man's face in a glaſs,
Shall bring the thing what'er you wiſh to paſs.

HAPPY

## HAPPY DAYS IN THE TWELVE MONTHS OF THE YEAR;

*On which if a Perſon engage in Love, or any lawful Buſineſs, ſucceſs is certain.*

ON January's ſixth, ninth, twenty-five,
The work you take in hand will ſurely thrive.
February's tenth, nineteenth, and twenty-three,
With love, or what you undertake agree.
The firſt of March is lucky held by all,
And April's third, twelfth, eighteenth. So we call
May's fourth, fifteenth, and twenty one, are ſure
To bring proſperity that will endure.
June's twentieth, twenty-eight, and thirtieth prove
Choice days to ſet upon affairs of love.
July's nineteenth, and twenty one and four,
Do proſper buſineſs, and increaſe thy ſtore.
If ſure your love you quickly would obtain,
Begin in Auguſt in the dog-ſtar's reign.
The twenty-fourth and fifth are likewiſe good;
If then you court, you will not be withſtood.
September's fifteenth, nineteenth, twenty-eighth,
October's third and fifth, and tenth create
Such good beginnings as do give a bliſs.
November's ninth and twelfth bring happineſs.
December's fourth, eighth, thirteenth, and the day
Our LORD was born, we likewiſe reckon may;
The reſt of them are moſt indifferent,
And ſome we find to be malevolent.

*The Silent Language by Motion of the Hands.*

*The Silent Language by Motion of the Hands.*

## *The Silent Language by Motion of the Hand.*

THis art is performed by the twenty four letters upon your hand and fingers, which you muſt learn, and then muſt ſpell the words you intend your friend ſhould know: and the letters are eaſily learned, and as eaſily remembered. I have learned ſeveral perſons in leſs than half an hour. You muſt underſtand that moſt of the letters are upon the left-hand, and made with the fingers of your right-hand upon your left-hand, the fore-finger of your right you point to every letter; but ſometimes that and the next two fingers make ſeveral letters, as you will ſee. The vowels are very eaſy to remember, they being the tops or ends of your five fingers upon your left hand, and the Y is the table or palm of that hand, thus:

The top or end of the thumb, is——A
The end of the fore finger, is——E
The end of the middle-finger, is——I
The end of the ring-finger, is——O
The end of the little-finger; is——U
The table or palm of the left hand——Y
One finger upon the left thumb——B
Two fingers upon the left thumb——C
Three fingers upon the left thumb——D
Your two fore-fingers laid together——F
Thumb your fiſts together——G
Stroke the palms of both your hands together——H
Your fore-finger upon your left wriſt——K
One finger upon the back of your left hand——L
Three fingers upon the back of your left hand——M
Two fingers upon the back of your left hand——N
Clench your left hand or fiſt——P
Clench your right hand——Q
Link your little fingers together——R
The back of your hands together——S
The end of your fore-finger to the middle joint of the other fore-finger——T
Two fingers upon the little-finger of the left hand W

Two

Two fore-fingers acroſs ——— X
Give two ſnaps with your fingers. ——— Z

Practiſe it but a few times over, and you will ſoon be perfect; ſeveral of the motions repreſent the likeneſs of the letter, as one finger at the back of your hand is like L, two fingers like N, three is like M; the fore-finger to the middle joint of the other fore-finger is like T, two fingers acroſs is like X; Likewiſe B C D is very eaſily remembered; one finger on the left thumb is B, two fingers C, three fingers D, So the reſt are ſoon learned, and as eaſy to remember, But you muſt always remember to give a ſnap with your finger between every word, that your friend may diſtinguiſh one word from another. If you are in company, and think ſome in company underſtand you, that you would not have, it is eaſy for you to change the vowels to ſome other part of the hand, and then none but your friend, that knows it, can underſtand you. Suppoſe you would ſay to your miſtreſs, when ſhe is in a great company, *Madam, I am your humble ſervant.*

You lay three fingers on the back of your hand — M
Put your finger to the end of your thumb ——— A
Three fingers upon your left thumb ——— D
Your finger again to your thumb ——— A
Three fingers again to the back of your hand — M
And then give a ſnap with your fingers, for the ſign that the word is ſpelt.
Then point to the end of your middle finger — I
Then ſnap your fingers.
Then point to the end of your thumb ——— A
Then three fingers on the back of your hand — M
Then ſnap your fingers.
Then point to the palm of your left hand ——— Y
Then point to the end of your right finger ——— O
Then point to the end of your little finger ——— U
Then link your little fingers together ——— R
Then ſnap your fingers.
Then ſtroke the palms of your hand together — H
Then point to the end of your little finger ——— U
Then three fingers on the back of your hand — M
Then one finger upon the thumb ——— B

Then one finger upon the back of your hand —— I.
Then point to the end of your fore-finger —— E
Then ſnap your fingers.
Then put the back of your hands together —— S
Then point to the end of your fore-finger —— E
Then link your little fingers together —— R
Then point to the end of your fore-finger —— V
Then point to the end of the thumb —— A
Then two fingers on the back of your hand —— N
Then point the fore-finger to the middle joint of the other fore finger —— T
Then ſnap your fingers.

And ſo you may diſcourſe upon any matter: if you practiſe it often, you will ſoon learn to do it very quick, faſter than you can write: if you learn too many, you will ſpoil your trick, neither let any know that it is done by letters. I believe it may be near twenty years ſince I learned it of a gentleman in Worceſterſhire, and while I kept him company, before his death, I never taught any, which was near ſeven years.

*Figure hand.*

You muſt make an exchange of theſe letters, and uſe theſe figures in their place.

a e i o u y t n ſ r
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

And then your alphabet will run thus:

1 b c d 2 f g h 3 j k l m 8 4 p q o 9 7 5 w x y 6 z

G4d Bl299 K38g G240g2, 18d k22p 59 fo4m P4p39h 9l152c6.

Here you write thus, God bleſs King George, and keep us from Popiſh ſlavery, you will find a great many words nothing but figures, and there is ſcarce any word, great or ſmall, but hath the greateſt part figures. It is ſo plain to be learned, that I need not give you any further inſtructions, but only to practiſe the ten figures inſtead of letters. The other hand is performed by exchanging ſome letters, one for the other.

a e i o u
y t n ſ r

When you are to write A, you muſt write Y; and when

when you are to write Y, you muſt write A; and ſo of all the reſt.

As for example: ſuppoſe you would ſay, *Sir, I am your humble ſervant*; it is thus:

Onu n ym aſru hrmblt Oturyie.

This doth appear like another language, and will puzzle the greateſt wits, and with a little practice is ſoon learned, by reaſon there are but ten letters you are to learn for the other. Your alphabet will be thus:

A b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r ſ t u w x y z.
y b c d t f g h n k l m i ſ p q u o e r w x a z.

I ſhall not proceed any further, becauſe this is ſufficient: but let the reader practiſe what I have here ſhewn him, and he may ſoon learn the whole art.

## *Of the Signification of the Seven Planets, with reſpect to Man's Body.*

BEfore I conclude my diſcourſe of the ſeven planets their nature and influence, I ſhall give you an account of the ſignification of them, as they reſpect the parts of man's body, and the diſeaſes they govern, that proper remedies may be applied accordingly.

Saturn governs the right ear, the bladder and the bones: and the diſeaſes he governs, are quartern agues, cancers, black-choler, rhuems, coughs, palſies, looſeneſs of the blood, &c.

Jupiter governs the lungs, ribs, liver, ſeed, arteries, and left ear: and the diſeaſes incident to them are pleurifies and apoplexies, and ſuch as proceed from too great a quantity of blood, or from wind in any part of the body.

Mars governs the gall, the veins, and the reins, and their diſtempers, which are fevers, yellow jaundice, madneſs, carbuncles, cholers. Mars alſo governs the ſtones and privy members of man or woman in part.

The Sun governs the eyes, heart, and the right-ſide and the diſeaſes relating to them, ſuch as colds, eſpecially in the ſtomach and liver, fluxes in the eyes, cramp, head-ach, &c.

Venus

Venus governs the liver, loins, matrix, paps and throat; the diſeaſes whereof are weakneſs in the body and members, catarrhs, &c.

Mercury governs the brains, thoughts, memory, ſpeech and tongue, and alſo the diſtempers incident thereto as, falling ſickneſs, madneſs, coughs, hoarſeneſs, ſtammering phythſic, and rheums.

The Moon governs the left eye of a man, and the right eye of a woman, alſo the ſtomach, belly, and the left ſide; the diſeaſes incident to them, are dropſies, palſies rotten coughs, ſurfeits, worms in children, king's evil, falling-ſickneſs, convulſion fits, dimneſs of ſight, ſmall pox, and meaſles

Here note, that in all diſtempers, before you apply any thing to the patient, it is proper and neceſſary to conſult the motions and poſitions of the planets; and when, by the table of planetary hours before recited, you know what planet rules; you muſt, in the next place, conſider the nature of that planet; as whether it be fierce or cruel, as Mars, or friendly and benevolent as Jupiter; alſo whether they be cold and moiſt, or hot and dry, and what is the predominant complexion, whether the ſanguine, choler, phlegm, or melancholy; as alſo what member of the body it governs, and what diſeaſe is under its power: theſe things being diligently weighed and conſidered, will furniſh the ingenious phyſician with grounds ſufficient to make a judgement of the true nature of the diſeaſe, whereby he may apply the ſuitable and proper remedies, that ſhall beſt conſiſt with, and be moſt prevalent againſt the diſtemper; whereas the want of a due conſideration of the matter cauſes the phyſician oftentimes to adminiſter, thoſe medicines that rather kill than cure, though thoſe very medicines may be good for the ſame diſeaſe, to a patient under other circumſtances, and falling ſick under a different poſition of the ſigns and planets.

*The comical Humour of the jovial London Goſſips; or, a Dialogue between a Widow, a Wife, and a Maid, over a Cup of the Creature.*

## A PROLOGUE.

WHile country goſſips oil their tongues with ale,
Dull liquor ſerving for an humble tale;
We citizens with ſack our palates liquor,
Which makes our tongues more free, our fancies quicker:
Ale ſtupifies and makes the ſenſes muddy,
Your right wine goſſips tattle without ſtudy.
For true extempore goſſiping and witty,
The country world can't equalize the city.

*Wid.* GOod-morrow, Coz. Margaret, how'd'ye do?
It is a wonder thus to meet with you:
You're grown more ſtrange of late than heretofore,
You us'd to call as you went by the door.
Prithee, what lucky bus'neſs brought thee hither:
That we ſhould meet at tavern door together.

*Wife.* Why, truly Coz. I am to meet a friend,
But on his promiſe I'll no more depend;
I will not boaſt what favours I have ſhown,
And then to fail me! Well, 'tis paſt and gone.

*Wid.* Come, don't fret, Coz. theſe falſe and flatt'ring (men,
Seldom perform their promiſe one in ten:
He promis'd thee ſome toy, ſome pretty thing.

*Wife.* You make a bauble of a diamond ring.
'Tis not a ring I value, but I ſwear,
To be thus fool'd —

*Wid.* Nay, prithee, Coz. forbear.
Look! here comes Beſs; Doſt think to paſs unknown?
Where goes my wench?

*Maid.* To ſee my ſiſter Joan.

*Wid.* Come, couſin Margaret, ſince we are met ſo pat,
Here's widow, wife and Maid, let's drink and chat.
Slip in, good couſin, you are next the door.
One pint in kindneſs, and away, no more.

*Wife*

*Wife.* My husband's forth, the shop must needs be tended,
Should he find me from home, he'll be offended,
*Maid.* And pray excuse me, troth I cannot stay,
My master's gone abroad, I must away.
*Wid.* What should you fear, you baby! here's a life,
I always ran those hazards, maid, and wife.
Bess, I'll have no excuse, for thou shalt stay;
What, 'ten't so oft, we don't meet ev'ry day.
Cousin, come follow me, I'll be your guide.
*Maid.* My mother, if I stay too long, will chide.
*Vint.* You're welcome, gentlewomen, walk up stairs:
This is a public room, where all repairs.
*Wife.* 'Tis not worth while, let's take it standing here,
*Wid.* No, no, walk up, shew us a room, my dear,
*Vint.* Pray follow me; now, ladies, what wine drink ye?
*Wife.* What wine is best for our complexion, think ye?
*Vint.* I have no physic, ladies;
*Wife.* But as good,
For wholesome wine creates the best of blood.
*Wid.* Well, ha'st good claret?
*Vint.* Yes, the best in London.
*Wid.* Either draw good, be quick, or leave it undone.
*Vint.* Here's a glass of brisk, 'tis neat and pure.
*Wid.* Pray take it, coz. why are you so demure?
Let's drink familiar.
*Wife.* Here's to thee, honest Bess,
I'll drink a bumper, thou shalt pledge no less.
The wine is good, believ't, nay, fill your glass,
We'll have no flinching, Bess, round let it pass.
*Wid.* Aye, aye, no flinching now, come toss it up,
If here were men, we would but kiss the cup;
But now let's bar dissembling, and be merry,
Till with this wine we make our senses weary;
No sweet-hearts now our actions can survey,
No, no, we're safe enough, come drink away.
*Maid.* To you, forsooth!
*Wid.* Nay, Prithee, call me Nan.
*Maid,* O dear! methinks I drink like any man.
*Wid.* Now, coz. to all our friends in Soper-Lane.
I wonder what's become of honest Jane.

*Wife.*

*Wife.* Oh! She has gone to dwell at London wall,
But diſh about, coz. faith I'll pledge them all.
*Wid.* The wine is briſk, 'tis very good, in truth.
Fill t'other quart, prithee, go right good youth.
I ſmile to think how merry we have been,
When we were buſy chuſing king and queen;
And Jane was there: well, Jane's an honeſt maid,
Oh the mad tricks that we wild wenches play'd!
I that have liv'd both widow, maid and wife
And have been happy in each ſtate of life,
And try'd all pleaſure, will maintain it ſtill,
That of the three, maids have the world at will:
Yet, for all that, before I ſaw fifteen,
I wiſh'd that I my wedding day had ſeen.
I think here's none but friends, put to the door;
I long'd for't, Beſs, no woman could do more.
I tittle tattle, Beſs, it muſt be done,
I would not for the world have lived a nun.
I by experience know, maids are inclin'd
To taſte thoſe ſweets, and have a longing mind.
*Wife.* Coz. tho' you on Venus' ſports have fed,
You ſhould not put ſuch things in Beſs's head.
*Maid.* Pray, if you go to that, ſhe cannot ſhow,
Nor can you tell me more than I do know.
*Wid.* Well, couſin, well, thoſe days with us are paſt;
But here's a glaſs ſtands ſtill, pray who drank laſt?
*Wife.* Why, that I did to Beſs, maids are ſo ſhy.
*Maid.* 'Tis maiden's modeſty if they deny.
*Wid.* Come drink about, the cup ſtands at your door.
*Maid.* Indeed, forſooth, I drank off two before,
We are to blame, truly we drink like men. (again?
*Wid.* Tuſh, wench, who knows when we ſhall meet
We need not fear of huſbands to be blam'd.
*Maid.* But by my troth, I truly am aſham'd.
*Wid.* We are ſecure, if we by none are ſeen,
A huſband's kiſſing ſmells where's wife has been.
*Wife.* I'll take my glaſs as freely as the reſt,
A huſband's kiſſing ſmell: faith that's a pretty jeſt.
I care as little for my huſband's ſmelling,
As e'er a woman now in London dwelling.

*Maid.*

*Maid.* Nay, that's the truth on't, I believe he's kind,
Would I as well were fitted to my mind.
*Wife.* As kind a man as woman needs to lye with.
*Maid.* Why, ſuch a one, who would not live and die with.
*Wid.* My huſband did to other girls incline.
*Wife.* Faith, mine is conſtant, by this glaſs of wine.
*Maid.* When wives and widows meet, there's ſuch a do,
Whoſe choice is beſt, who's falſe, and who is true.
*Wife.* Beſs, while I live, I'd rather yearly marry,
Than live a maid, and on preferment tarry.
*Maid.* You, when you're married, will forſake his bed
To graft brow antlers on your huſband's head.
*Wid.* Come, ſay no more, let's not fall out, for ſhame;
Drawer, go fill us t'other quart o'th'ſame.
*Wife.* We ſhall be trimm'd, and have our wits refin'd:
I faith we ſhall, if you may have your mind.
*Wid.* Come to thy huſband, coz. a full carouſe,
And all our friends, Beſs, at thy mother's houſe.
*Wife.* With all my heart, this wine is not the worſt.
*Wid.* Couſin, I think 'tis better than the firſt.
But, Beſs, art thou tow'rds marriage in the mind?
*Beſs.* I have a ſweet heart is exceeding kind,
As good condition'd as e'er trod on ſhoe,
And, by this wine, as ſtout and proper too.
To try his love, ſometimes I feign me ſick,
Which makes him weep——
*Wife.* That's e'en my good-man's trick.
I force a ſigh, with half a dozen groans,
My love, cries he, thus 'tis to breed young bones:
Well, John, ſay I, why doſt thou jeer my pain?
Then, by this wine, the fool will weep again.
*Wid.* Couſin, you're happy in ſo kind a one,
I had a clown would let me ſigh and groan;
If he had liv'd till now, I do proteſt,
I would have done a thing; well, let that reſt:
Beſs never marry with a red-hair'd man,
Make choice of a dark-brown one, if you can.
*Maid.* A carrot-beard I always have abhorr'd,
And with my heels I ſcorn it, that's the word.

*Wife.*

*Wife.* O chuſe a black, if I may you adviſe,
Why, black's a pearl in any woman's eyes.
What think'ſt of my good man, black as a coal?
*Maid.* I love a black man with my very ſoul.
*Wid.* Drawer, boy.
*Vint.* Coming, coming; what d'ye lack?
*Wid.* Sauſages, boy, and fill a quart of ſack.
*Maid.* Nay, no more, indeed its time to part.
*Wid.* We'll call a reck'ning after t'other quart.
*Maid.* Enough's a feaſt.
*Wid.* Well, Beſs, thou'rt in the right.
Yet we want that! we ly alone all night.
*Wife.* That you may both remedy when you will;
Beſs was not made to live a virgin ſtill:
Who's fault is't but your own, you do not marry?
Were I as thee, I'd not a fortnight tarry. (wooing,
*Maid.* 'Tis not my fault: when young men come a
My mother cries, I muſt not yet be doing.
*Wid.* Then by my faith, your mother is to blame,
She knows fifteen may juſtly huſbands claim.
*Maid.* Fifteen! why, I was that laſt Lady-Day,
And yet my mother tells me I muſt ſtay;
Sixteen next March, I am no leſs in truth?
Muſt I to pleaſe her linger out my youth?
Shall ſhe command? Well, I know what I think;
Ay, by this ſack, I do, and ſo I'll drink.
*Wid.* Fifteen! No more? Would I could ſay ſo too,
I'd never aſk my mother what to do.
Methinks 'tis idle, thus with love to dally,
Were it my caſe, I'd ne'er ſtand ſhilly ſhally.
*Maid.* I drink ſo much, my cheeks are very warm.
*Wife.* Sweet Elizabeth, good wine can do no harm.
*Wid.* Where's the boy? Knock, Coz, or ring the bell,
Were the wine burnt, I think it might do well.
*Maid.* My mother ſays, burnt ſack is good at night.
*Wife.* Upon my word, your mother's in the right.
*Wid.* Lad take this wine, we'll have it burn'd,
All our three minds are to one centre turn'd:
Sack, when 'tis ſugar'd, will not be ſo heady,
And prithee ſee the ſauſages be ready.

Faugh, what ſtink is there! I'm like to choak,
Now out upon't, it is tobacco ſmoke.
*Wife.* As ſure as this is wine, I mean to drink,
There cannot be a more deteſted ſtink;
But mine is ſuch a kind and loving man,
That he'll ſmoke none, if I ſay, do not John.
*Wid.* The wine ſtands dying in the cup, I think;
Come, Beſs, 'tis thy turn, wench, to whom doſt drink?
Come, diſh about then, doſt thyſelf forget?
While we are here, lets have our lips kept wet.
I'll pledge thee, girl; nay, prithee drink it up,
A goſſip's round, that's ev'ry one a cup:
Look, Coz, here's fiddlers; ſhall we have a ſong?
*Wife.* No, no, let's drink, and then let us be gone.
*Wid.* This is good counſel, Beſs, be ſure take heed.
*Maid.* The counſel is exceeding good, indeed:
But venture me, ſhould any be ſo bold
To ſerve me ſo; who could forbear to ſcold?
Nay, ſhould his boldneſs offer but to feel,
A ſaucy clown, I'd ſpurn him with my heel.
Here's ſix pence to the muſic for my ſhare.
*Wid.* And mine, for thine ſhall not go bare.
*Wife.* And mine, for I love ſinging with my heart.
*Wid.* Now, fidlers, go; boy, bring us 'tother quart.
*Wife.* This briſk wine my good man doth allow
A quart a meal, as I may tell to you;
'Tis his beſt courſe to pleaſe me in my diet,
Or for a month he ſhould not be at quiet;
Then a new Mantua gown muſt make amends,
He'll kiſs and pray, nay, prithee, love, be friends;
I let him court and ſpeak me fair a while,
And when the ſullen humour's off I ſmile.
*Wid.* Faith Couſin, Margaret, I commend thy wit,
For to a hair thou doſt hit humour-fit.
*Maid.* Methinks it is the ſtrangeſt courſe you take,
For I thought men had lov'd for kindneſs ſake.
*Wife.* Beſs, thou doſt know but little, it appears,
But thou wilt learn more, as thou grow'ſt in years;
Alas! poor girl, it is thy maiden blindneſs,
To think men's love muſt ſtill be fed with kindneſs.

No

No, Beſs, their love muſt ſometimes be oppoſed,
So here's to you both again you are diſpoſed.
*Wid.* That's a good boy, and now the cloath is ſpread,
Go fetch a ſlice of your own houſehold bread;
Why, this is ſomething like, 'tis ſterling plate.
*Wife.* Why, that I love, but pewter, Coz. I hate.
*Maid.* Well, were I marry'd, I ſhould never ſcold.
*Wid.* Piſh, while you talk the ſauſages grow cold.
Come fall to, Couſin Margaret, pray begin,
You know cold puddings are not worth a pin.
*Wife.* They're pretty ſalt to reliſh wine withal,
Nay, pledge me, Beſs, nay, by my truth, you ſhall.
*Maid.* Look, gentlewomen, is it full, d'ye think?
I ſcorn to be entreated to my drink.
*Wid.* Why doſt thou ſmile, Beſs, prithee let me know?
*Maid.* When I'm in company with men, or ſo,
I kiſs the cup and on the wine I frown,
And making ſower faces, ſet it down:
Then will they ſay, Lady be not afraid,
Pray mend your draught, you drink ſo like a maid.
*Wife.* Talk not ſo loud, Beſs what will people think?
The vintner's boy is laughing, by this drink.
*Wid.* Why, did he ſo? You ſirrah do you hear?
Do ſo again, I'll jowl you by the ear.
Tho', goodman boy, you think that we are mellow,
The meaneſt of us is thy maſter's fellow.
*Wife.* Tuſh, let it paſs, tho' boys will ſaucy be;
Your maſter lives, You rogue by ſuch as we.
*Wid.* Sirra, call t'other lad he's better bred.
Where did you learn your manners, loggarhead?
Bid him bring t'other quart, and what's to pay,
Unleſs he draws our wine, we will not ſtay.
Come hither, youth, what does thy maſter doubt us?
*Vint.* No, truly Madam, 'tis my maſter's mind,
That we to all his cuſtomers be kind;
He is the moſt obliging man in town,
Altho' my fellow prentice be a clown.
*Wid.* What is your name?
*Vint.* Forſooth my name is Will.

*Wid.* Where wert thou born?
*Vint.* Here, but on Fiſh-Street-Hill.
*Wid.* William, we came not here to be abus'd,
We could go where we might be better us'd;
William, we have ſome credit where we dwell,
And William, boys ſhould uſe their betters well.
For William, but ſuppoſe the caſe your own,
That you were drinking where you were not known;
And that you were, as we are at this ſeaſon,
Wou'd you be jeer'd? Ha, William?
*Vint.* Faith, no reaſon.
*Wid.* William, thou anſwer'ſt like a man of ſenſe.
For truly, William, 'tis a baſe offence;
And William, I would have you know,
You ſhall be paid the reck'ning e'er we go.
And William, this affront we ſurely ſcorn,
For we are London gentlewomen born.
William, we talk, but care not who does hear it,
No, by this glaſs of ſack.
*Vint.* You need not ſwear it,
Nay, pray, accept my pint; ſhal't be the ſame;
Or any other, what you pleaſe to name?
What ſay you, ladies? Speak, I'll quickly fill.
*Wid.* Let it alone, kind hearted Will;
Thou loſeſt nothing by thy courtſey,
But prithee, William learn one thing of me;
Draw Londoners the beſt that may be had,
And let the country clowns help off the bad;
Out face theſe fools, tell them a flatt'ring tale,
For all their judgement lies in pots of ale.
I need not teach thee twice to do amiſs.
*Wife.* We might have drank kind William's pint by this,
*Vint.* And you ſhall have it inſtantly, I run.
*Wife.* Let him bring his pint, and we'll have done;
He may afford it, each quart did want i'th'filling.
*Wid.* But take it kindly, 'cauſe the youth was willing.
*Vint.* Forſooth, I hope your wine is very good?
*Wid.* William that ſaucy boy has vex'd my blood.
William, I grant the wine is not amiſs,
But an affront, no man will offer this.

William

William, be ſure to pleaſe your cuſtomers well,
But William, when did thou firſt come here to dwell?

*Vint.* Forſooth, my time is out the tenth of May.

*Wid.* William, it will be thine another day.
Come, drink to William, Beſs, why art ſo ſad?
For truly William is a hopeful lad.
Come, William, drink, come prithee William, do.

*Vint,* Forſooth, I'll pledge you, and I thank you too.

*Wid.* Now, William, what's to pay, and take your money;

*Vint.* Forſooth, there's juſt ten ſhillings and a penny

*Wid.* Here tell it, William, 'tis all very right.

*Vint.* You're kindly welcome.

*Maid* Uds my life! 'tis night.

*Wife.* Hark! Bow Bell rings, I do proteſt 'tis late.

*Wid.* William, good-night I pray take up your plate.

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## Dialogues and Songs on ſundry Occaſions, full of Mirth and innocent Recreation.

### *A Dialogue between Thomas and Margery, two Country Lovers.*

*Tho.* WELL, Margery, whither art thou walking alone this ſweet and pleaſant morning?

*Marg.* With my Dame's leave, I am going do Bonny-face fair.

*Tho.* Paſſion on my heart! It is a pity ſuch a pigmy as thee ſhould walk alone; ſtay at Mother-Leather-Coat's the drinking of a jug of ale, while I ſtep home to put on my holy day clothes, my dear Duck, and I'll go along with you, if you'll be pleaſed to accept of my company.

*Marg.* I thank you; and ſince you are ſo kind as to proffer your ſervices it ſhall be very acceptable to me; we are at the door, let us enter in.

*Tho.* Shew us a room; bring us a jug of ale, and a cake.

*Mother-Leather-Coat.* I ſhall Thomas.

*Tho.* My dear, here's to thee, and to our good journey.

*Marg.* I'll pledge you with all my heart, thanking you for all your kindneſs.

*Tho.* Don't think me long; for I ſhall return again with all the expedition I can; and ſo farewel.

*Marg.* Sure I ſhall have good luck; fortune has been extraordinary kind to me in ſending Thomas to be my walking mate; for indeed, what comfort could I have expected, walking like a wandering Jew? Well, he is an honeſt fellow and I am perſuaded there is ſomething more in this than I am aware of: who knows but he may have a mind to make me his wife; which, if he ſhould, I ſhall be a happy woman; for he is good-natur'd; but hold, he comes, I muſt keep a ſteady countenance.

*Tho.* My dear, I hope I have not tired thy patience in ſtaying ſo long; my maſter and I had a woundy tuſſel together about my putting on my roaſt-meat clothes; for nothing would ſerve him, but I muſt needs go this day to plough; but I plainly told him, that he muſt excuſe me; for I was otherwiſe diſpoſed.

*Marg.* I hope you did not tell him that you met with me, and that I was the cauſe of keeping thee from thy buſineſs.

*Tho.* No, no; udſwoggers, I had more wit in my anger than that comes to, I'll warrant thee, girl, though I am a poor ſilly fellow; yet I am not a downright fool: come, fill us the other jug, that we may chear up our hearts; for I am afraid we ſhan't light of better liquor than this at the fair.

*Marg.* I muſt needs ſay it is a cup of good ale: and my mother Leather-Coat ſeldom or ever has any worſe, I'll ſay that for her.

*Tho.* Sweet Margery, once more to thee, and to our better acquaintance; for we may live in love, and get a whole generation of children, which may ſtock the country: what ſay'ſt thou to that, my dear!

*Marg.* Alas! Thomas I am but a poor innocent country girl, and you make me bluſh to hear you talk at this rate; come, let us haſten to the fair; for it is near nine of the clock, and we have four or five miles ſtill, and I dare not be out late at night.

*Tho.*

*Tho.* Sweet Margery I will not diſcourſe any longer here upon the point; for when we come to the fair, we ſhall have a more convenient opportunity.

Here, what's to pay, Mother Leather-Coat?

*Mother Leather-Coat.* Sixpence, Thomas, for two jugs and a cake.

*Tho.* There's your money, Mother; and if we come back in any good time, we will call upon you; and ſo farewel.

*Mother Leather-Coat.* Thomas, pray be kind to my daughter; for I begin to ſmell a rat; in my conſcience it will be a match; which, if it be, as old a woman as I am, I will venture to dance at your wedding, though it is more than I have done theſe twenty years: ſo Heaven bleſs you together.

*Marg.* Well, ſhe is a merry old woman, and I have been one of her adopted daughters ever ſince I was fit to go to ſervice; for at any time when I was out of place, ſhe would invite me to take up her houſe for my habitation, until I was provided; and from that time it came to paſs that I called her my mother.

*Tho.* Well, in regard ſhe has formerly been ſo kind to thee, I will likewiſe have a reſpect for her, and will endeavour to get farther into her favour, that ſhe likewiſe may ſtyle me her ſon: and now let us talk of our affairs.

*Marg.* What better diſcourſe can there be, than to talk of kind friends, and old affairs?

*Tho.* This is the very ſubject I would be upon; kind friends are the encouragers of love, and love will lead us to the happy ſtate of matrimony, which inſtitution is ten times older than my great-grand-mother.

*Marg.* O me! has marriage been of ſo long ſtanding? I can hardly believe it; for I have heard my own mother ſay, that her great-grand-mother had nineteen ſons and daughters, and yet ſhe was never married in her life; and therefore I thought it had not been in uſe then.

*Tho.* It was in uſe then, and many hundred years before; yet it is poſſible ſhe might avoid marriage, to ſave charges, as many do in theſe days; but Margery, that

ſhall

ſhall be no rule for us; for if we do agree upon the point, believe me, we will enter into the honourable ſtate of matrimony, that our ſons and daughters may, being lawfully begotten, inherit the goods and lands, which we by our induſtry, ſhall purchaſe; for I han't forgot the kind promiſe of Dame fortune: and ſhould ſhe beſtow her favours upon us, who can tell but that I may arrive to be a conſtable of a pariſh, or a country juſtice of the peace.

*Marg.* O me! that would be brave. What a juſtice of the peace! Then if I ſhould be your wife, I ſhan't go a milking then, Thomas, ſhall I?

*Tho.* No, my dear, thou ſhalt have ſervants to wait upon thee and I will maintain thee in a garb more gay than the church warden's wife; and, believe me, thou ſhall ſit in a great pew on Sundays, where the eyes of all the pariſhioners will be faſtened upon thy beauty. Ha, Girl! What thinkeſt thou of this?

*Marg.* I am ſtrangely lifted up to the height of ambition; nothing elſe but golden conceits poſſeſs my mind; for, methinks, I am already in the happy ſtation which you have been talking of: let us proceed no farther in our journey to the fair, but reſolve to turn home, thereby to get all things ready for our wedding: for I long to be a lady in good truth.

*Tho.* My dear, I am willing to conſent to any thing that may pleaſe thee beſt; but, if thou art for making a quick diſpatch of the buſineſs, let us conſider with ourſelves what money we can raiſe; I, for my own part, have forty ſhillings lying by me; beſides, next week comes quarter day, and then I ſhall receive a year's wages more, and let me tell thee, this is ſomething towards a good beginning.

*Marg.* Indeed, ſo it is, I muſt confeſs; and, for my part, I will produce what I can, though it be not much; I may perhaps have a matter of fourteen pence, which is ſomething towards enlarging the ſum; for, according to the old proverb, *Every little makes a meikle.*

*Tho.* Thou ſay'ſt well; for this is more than ſome has had to begin with, who have arrived to great riches; ſo my dear, we will go ſeriouſly to our buſineſs, getting all things

things ready againſt the day which you ſhall appoint for our happy marriage; when it is over, we ſhall ſoon ſettle ourſelves in the world, ready for receiving fortune's favours.

*Marg.* Next Tueſday come ſe'nnight I pitch upon for the wedding day, becauſe I know long and lingering bargains ſeldom or ever come to good.

Now to our home let us depart,
For thou haſt won my yielding heart;
Which I will give to none but thee;
Then don't forget my loyalty.

*Tho.* My life, this promiſe here I make,
Which I reſolve never to break;
I'll make thee then my lawful bride.
There's none in all the world beſide
That I can fancy; but, my dear,
My conſtancy thou need not fear;
Come, let us kiſs, and ſo farewel,
We many years in joy may dwell.

*A Dialogue between two Siſters, Nelly and Nancy.*

*Nelly.* DEAR ſiſter, I have been a great ſufferer by the cruelty of an unknown lover. Randal, that has made ſo many ſolemn proteſtations of faith and loyalty; he, I ſay, after all, has unworthily left me.

*Nancy,* Sweet ſiſter, dry thy watry eyes, and do not weep. Udsfoot, I would not care a fig for him; there are more men than mouſe-trap makers, Remember the old proverb,

*Set your ſtool in the Sun,*
*If one knave goes, another will come.*

Conſider with yourſelf, you are but young, and if you ſtay two or three years unmarried, it will be time enough then.

*Nelly.* But wo is me! Alas! dear ſiſter, there is ſomething more in this than you can imagine, which makes me lament at this rate.

*Nancy.* Why, what can be in it, that ſhall cauſe you to weep and lament thus! I hope you have not been fooling with him.

*Nelly.* Yes, verily I have; I muſt confeſs the naked truth; for, indeed, I ſcorn to be catched in a lie.

*Nancy.*

*Nancy.* Udsfoot! then I'll warrant you, he has gotten you with child; ſay you, has he not?

*Nelly.* Yes, ſiſter, I am near nine months gone, yet the unworthy man never minds me, but laughs at my lamentable ſuffering: he has obtained his ends, and now, if I pleaſe, I may even go hang myſelf; for he values not what becomes of me; this I plainly perceive.

*Nancy.* Why did you let him take poſſeſſion of your dear tenement, before you had obliged him to take a ſure leaſe; my meaning is, during life! For young men, in ſuch caſes, are not to be truſted.

*Nelly.* Ay, but dear ſiſter, he had ſuch a ſoft deluding tongue, and likewiſe uſed ſo many prevailing arguments that I had not the power to deny him.

*Nancy.* How, not deny him! in troth but I would, though he had been a better man than ever ſtood upon his ſhanks.

*Nelly.* Siſter, you cannot think how he tempted me, before I in the leaſt conſented to his fond deſires. Sometimes he would have me abroad, where he would treat me with the choiceſt of what he could get for gold and ſilver: at other times he would wait upon me in my chamber, where many hours, early and late, he courted me to be kind; and, at laſt, to my ſorrow, through his large gifts, and ſoft embraces, I was drawn away, and conſented to his requeſt.

*Nancy.* I would have ſcorned the greateſt gift and richeſt preſents that he would or could have beſtowed upon me, if once I had found he made uſe of them as baits and ſnares to betray me to my ruin. I lived with a maſter once, who would, when my miſtreſs was abroad, often kiſs and court me, declaring, that if I ſhould not be coy, I ſhould have large gifts, and golden preſents; but I flew from him with anger and indignation, ſolemnly proteſting, that I would not ſtain my reputation for the reward of more pounds than he was worth, and, by this means, I was rid of his future temptations.

*Nelly.* But take notice, ſiſter Nancy, yours and mine are two different caſes; yours was your maſter, and a married man, but mine was a batchelor, and one that pretended

pretended to love me above all other creatures in the world beſide; ſo that I was perſuaded I might let him ſtray before-hand in the foreſt of Love and Fancy, without any danger, becauſe I doubted not but he would endow me with the honourable title of wife, whenſoever I would require it, though now, to my ſorrow, I find him falſe and deceitful; but, for your part, had you conſented, your crime had been more henious, becauſe you muſt needs know his deſigns would be no otherwiſe than baſe from the beginning.

*Nancy.* Siſter Nelly, you tell me that I might be ſure that his deſign was not warrantable: I own it to be true: but nevertheleſs, what could ye think would be the iſſue of your lover's actions? Had he meant any thing honeſt and honourable, he would not have deſired you beforehand to have yielded to dancing that jig which has occaſioned your diſgrace.

*Nelly.* That may be ſiſter, but I could not harbour any evil thought of him; for, as we ſay, *Love hides a multitude of faults.*

*Nancy.* Well, I am ſorry for your misfortunes: but what do you think our mother will ſay, when ſhe ſhall come to hear theſe unwelcome tidings: in my conſcience, ſhe will be ready to run beſide her ſenſes.

*Nelly.* Siſter, that is the leaſt of my fear; for I very well remember, it hath been often reported, that ſhe herſelf was guilty of the ſame folly; therefore how can ſhe be angry for a daughter to do as her mother hath done before her?

*Nancy.* Fie, Siſter, you are to blame in charging her with that crime, though peradventure it be true; for, you know, it is an ill bird that betrays its own neſt: and I would not for forty ſhillings that ſhe ſhould know that you bear in mind the ſins of her youth: therefore I deſire you to deſiſt from making mention of any ſuch thing, and I will do what I can to reconcile her to you, and by that means, you may be ſheltered from the diſgrace of the world.

*And ſo my ſiſter dear, adieu!*
*Fear not I'll be a friend to you.*

A Collection of choice SONGS, upon ſundry Occaſions, as they are Sung in Court, City, and Country,

To the neweſt and beſt Play-Houſe Tunes.

*The Maiden's Choice.*

A Soldier and a ſailor,
A tinker and a taylor,
Had once a doubtful ſtrife, Sir,
To make a maid a wife, Sir,
Whoſe name was buxom Joan,
Whoſe name was buxom Joan.
For now the time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended,
To lick her lips at man, Sir,
And gnaw the ſheets in vain, Sir,
And lie all night alone, &c.
The ſoldier ſwore like thunder,
He lov'd her more than plunder,
And ſhew'd her many a ſcar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her ſake,
With fighting, &c.
The taylor thought to pleaſe her,
By offering her his meaſure:
The tinker too with mettle:
Said, he would mend her kettle,
And ſtop up ev'ry leak,
And ſtop, &c.
But while theſe three were pratting,
The ſailor ſlylie waiting.
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they might all fall out, Sir,
Then he would play his part,
Then he, &c.
And juſt as e'en he meant, Sir,
To loggerheads they went, Sir:

And

And then he let fly at her,
A ſhot 'twixt wind and water,
Which won this fair maid's heart,
Which won, &c.

*The bonny Milk Maid.*

YE nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
That love green fields and woods
When ſpring newly blown,
Herſelf doth adorn,
With flowers and blooming buds,
Come ſing to the preiſe,
While flocks do graze,
In yonder pleaſant vale,
Of thoſe that chooſe,
Their ſheep to loſe,
And in cold dews,
With clouted ſhoes,
To carry the milking-pail.

The goddeſs of the morn,
With bluſhes they adorn,
And take the freſh air,
While linnets prepare
A concert on each thorn,
The blackbird and thruſh,
On every buſh,
And the charming nightingale,
In a merry vein,
Their throats do ſtrain,
To entertain
The jolly train
That carry the milking-pail.

When cold, bleak winds do roar,
And flowers can ſpring no more
The fields that are ſeen,
So pleaſant and green,
By winter all candy'd o'er,

Oh! how the town laſs,
Looks with her white face,
And her lips of a deadly pale;
But it is not ſo
With thoſe that go,
Through froſt and ſnow,
With cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking-pail.

*The charming Bride.*

THE danger is over, is over, is over, &c.
The battle, the battle, the battle is paſt:
The nymph had her fears, the nymph had, &c. (at laſt:
But ſhe ventur'd, ſhe ventur'd, ſhe ventur'd, ſhe ventur'd
She try'd the encounter, and when it was done,
She ſmil'd at her folly, and ſaid ſhe had won: (pleas'd,
By her eyes we diſcover the bride has been pleas'd, been
Her bluſhes become her, her paſſion is eas'd;
She diſſembles her joy, and affects to look down,
Down, down, down.
If ſhe ſighs, 'tis for ſorrow, for ſorrow, for ſorrow
'tis ended ſo ſoon.
Appear all you virgins, ye virgins, ye virgins, appear
all you virgins,
Both aged, both aged, both aged and young;
And you that have carry'd, and you that have, &c.
That burden, that burden, that burden, that burden
too long.
Who have loſt precious time, and you who are loſing,
Betray'd, betray'd by your fears, 'twixt doubting and
chuſing,
Draw near, and learn what will ſettle your mind, (kind.
You'll find, you'll find yourſelves happy, when once you are
Do but wiſely reſolve the ſweet venture to run, run, run,
run, (be won.
The loſs will be little, be little, be little, and much will

*The yeilding Maid.*

OFie! what mean I, fooliſh maid,
In this remote and ſilent ſhade,

To

To meet with you alone,
My heart doth with the place combine,
And both are more your friends than mine.
Oh! oh! I ſhall be undone.
Oh! oh! &c.

A ſavage beaſt I ſhould not fear,
Or ſhould I meet with villains here,
I to ſome cave would run;
But ſuch inchanting art you ſhow,
I cannot ſtrive, I cannot go:
Oh! oh! I ſhall be undone, &c.

Ah! give your ſweet temptation o'er,
I'll touch thoſe dan'grous lips no more;
What! muſt we yet fool on?
Ah! now I yield; ah! now I fall:
Ah! now I have no breath at all;
And now I am quite undone.

*The little Girl's Wiſh.*

YOung I am, and yet unſkill'd,
How to make a lover yield:
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign:
Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While yet I am young and true;
Ere I can my ſoul diſguiſe,
Heave my breaſt, heave my breaſt, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way
How to lie, and then betray;
He that loves me firſt is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt!
Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love, and full of truth,
Briſk, and of a jantee mien,
I ſhould long, I ſhould long to be fifteen.

*The politic Damſel.*

FRom grave leſſons and reſtraint,
I'm ſtole out to revel here;
Yet I tremble, and I pant,
In the middle of the fair.
Oh! Oh! would fortune in my way
Throw a lover kind and gay.
Now's the time, now's the time,
Now's the time he ſoon may move,
A young heart unus'd to love.
Shall I from the danger go,
Shall I venture? No, no, no;
Oh! No, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, &c.
I muſt not try, I cannot fly;
I muſt not, durſt not, cannot fly:
Help me nature, help me art,
Why ſhould I deny my heart?
If a lover will purſue,
Like the wiſeſt let me do:
I will fit him, if he's true,
If he's falſe, I'll fit him too,
While I am endu'd with ſenſe.
To diſtinguiſh what is beſt,
Cupid's darts of violence,
Shall not penetrate my breaſt;
No, no, no, but methinks I feel
What I cannot well conceal.
Let me ſtrive, let me ſtrive,
Let me ſtrive the beſt I can,
To abhor the thoughts of man.
Shall I love them? No, no, no.
Shall I from their kiſſes go?
Oh! No, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, &c.
I muſt not take, I can't forſake,
I muſt not, durſt not, can't forſake,
Help me, Cupid, grant me love,
Then by all the powers above,

If

If young Strephon will purſue,
Like the wiſeſt let me do:
I will fit him if he's true,
If he's falſe, I'll fit him too,
I have learn'd to act my part.
Now as well as ſome have done:
Never will I break my heart,
Or for love diſtracted run;
Free, from all thoſe captive chains,
Weeping cares, and killing pains.
Let me be, let me be,
Let me be for evermore,
Cupid, I do thee implore:
Shall I venture? No, no, no,
Shall I from the danger go?
Oh! No, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, &c.
I muſt not yield, nor quit the field:
I muſt not, durſt not quit the field.
Bleſs me now ye powers divine,
Ne'er was a virgin's caſe like mine.
If a lover will purſue,
Like the wiſeſt let me do;
I will fit him if he's true,
If he's falſe, I'll fit him too.

*The two victorious Cupids.*

*Cor.* NOW the maids and the men are making of hay,
We have left the dull fools and ſtolen away:
Then Mopſa no more,
Be coy as before,
But let us merrily, merrily play,
And kiſs, and kiſs the ſweet time away.
*Mop.* Why, how now, Sir clown, how came you ſo bold?
I'd have you to know I'm not of that mould:
I tell you again,
Maids muſt not kiſs men,
No, no, no, no kiſſing at all:
I'll not kiſs, till I kiſs you for good and all.

*Cor.* No, no.
*Mop.* No, no.
No, not kiſs you at all,
Not kiſs you, &c.
*Cor.* Should you give a ſcore,
'Twould not leſſen the ſtore,
Then bid me chearfully kiſs,
*Mop,* I'll not truſt you ſo far, I know you ſo well,
Should I give you an inch you will take an ell;
Should I give, &c.
Then lord like you'd rule,
And laugh at the fool,
No, no, &c.

## *Coy Celia's Cruelty.*

CElia, with whom I once was bleſt,
Now the torment of my breaſt;
Since to cure me, you bereave me
Of the pleaſure I poſſeſt:
Firſt to love, and then to leave me,
Cruel creature, to deceive me.
Cruel creature, &c.

Had you the bleſs refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the want;
But poſſeſſing once the bleſſing,
Is the cauſe of my complaint.
Once poſſeſſing is but taſting,
'Tis a bleſs that is not laſting;
Once poſſeſſing, &c.

Celia now is thine no more,
But I am her's, and muſt adore;
Nor to leave her will endeavour,
Charms that captiv'd me before;
No unkindneſs can diſſever,
Love that's true, is love for ever.
No unkindneſs, &c.

*Cupid's*

### *Cupid's Kingdom.*

WEre I to chuſe the greateſt bleſs,
Were I to chuſe the greateſt bleſs,
That ever in love was known:
'Twould be the higheſt of my wiſh,
To enjoy her heart alone;
Kings might poſſeſs their kingdoms free,
And crowns unenvy'd wear,
They ſhould no rival have of me;
No, no,
They ſhould no rival have of me,
Might I reign monarch there;
They ſhould no rival have of me,
No, no,
They ſhould no rival,
They ſhould no rival have of me,
Might I reign monarch there.
Hear, Cynthia, hear the gentle air,
Hear, Cynthia, hear the gentle air,
But whiſper out my love:
And prove but half ſo kind as fair,
My ſorrows you'll remove:
Cynthia, Oh! let us happy be,
Unite our hearts in love;
I'd not change ſuch felicity,
No, no,
I'd not change ſuch felicity,
For all the joys above:
I'd not change ſuch felicity,
No, no,
I'd not change ſuch,
I'd not change ſuch felicity,
For all the joys above.

### *Cruel Celia.*

NO, poor ſuffering heart no change endeavour,
Chuſe to ſuſtain the ſmart, rather than leave her,
My raviſh'd eye beheld ſuch charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her.

One

One tender ſigh from her to ſee me languiſh,
Will more than pay the price of my paſt anguiſh:
Beware, O cruel fair, how you ſmile on me,
'Tis a kind look of thine that has undone me,
Love has for me in ſtore one happy minute,
And ſhe muſt end my pain that did begin it:
Then ſo divine a bleſs and pleaſure leaving,
Ages will paſs away, without perceiving:
Cupid ſhall guard the door, the more they pleaſe her,
And keep out time and age, when they would ſeize her.
Time and death ſhall depart, and ſay, when flying,
Love has found out a way to live by dying.

*The tippling Philoſophers.*

DIogenes ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Becauſe in good wine there is truth;
Till growing as poor as Job,
Not able to purchaſe a flaſk:
He choſe for his manſion a tub,
And liv'd by the ſcent of a caſk.

Heraclitus would never deny
A bumper to cheriſh his heart:
And when he was maudlin, would cry,
Becauſe he had finiſh'd his quart:
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think
He wept at men's folly and vice:
When 'twas only his cuſtom to drink
'Till the liquor flow'd out at his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple, and cheriſh his ſoul:
And would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a large flowing bowl:
As long as his cellar was ſtor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff:
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were ſober he'd laugh.

Copernicus

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine:
And fancy'd a cup of the beſt,
Made reaſon the better to ſhine:
With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel:
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine:
And what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, moſt writers agree,
Was big, as a watering trough,
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato, that learned divine,
He wiſely to wiſdom was prone:
And had it not been for good wine,
His merits we never had known:
By wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes fancy with wings:
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

*A Country Song.*

IN the fields, in froſt and ſnow,
Watching late and early:
There I kept my father's cows,
There I kept them yearly:
Booing here, booing there,
Here a boo, there a boo, ev'ry where a boo,
We defy all care and ſtrife,
In a charming country life.

Then at home among the fowls,
Watching late and early,

There

There I fed my father's fowls,
  There I fed them yearly:
  Whooing here, whooing there,
Here a whoo, there a whoo, ev'ry where a whoo,
  We defy all care and ſtrife,
  In a charming country life.

When the ſummer fleeces heap,
  Watching late and early:
Then I ſhear my father's ſheep,
  Then I keep them yearly;
  Baaing here, baaing there,
Here a baa, there a baa, ev'ry where a baa,
  We defy all care and ſtrife,
  In a charming country life.

In the yard among the hogs,
  Watching late and early:
There do ly my father's hogs,
  There I feed them yearly;
  Grunting here, grunting there,
Here a grunt, there a grunt, ev'ry where a grunt,
  We defy all care and ſtrife,
  In a charming country life.

Round about the pleaſing moats,
  Watching late and early,
There I tend my father's goats,
  There I watch them yearly;
  Maaing here, maaing there,
Here a maa, there a maa, ev'ry where a maa,
  We defy all care and ſtrife,
  In a charming country life.

When I've fed my father's flocks,
  In a morning early;
Then I cram his turky-cocks,
  There I feed them yearly:
  Gobble here, gobble there,
Here a gob, there a gob, ev'ry where a gob,

We

We defy all care and ſtrife,
In a charming country life.

Round my father's pond and lake,
In the morning early;
There I feed his duck and drake,
There I feed them yearly:
Qua a quack here, qua a quake there,
Here a quack, there a quack, ev'ry where a quack,
We defy all care and ſtrife,
In a charming country life.

## *Lock all Faſt.*

I Am come to lock all faſt,
Love without me cannot laſt;
Love, like counſel of the wiſe,
Muſt be hid from vulgar eyes;
'Tis holy, 'tis holy,
And we muſt conceal it.
They profane it, they profane it who reveal it.
What is promiſed in love,

Is recorded ſtill above:
And whatever vows we make,
Let us keep for true love's ſake;
'Tis binding, 'tis binding.
And we muſt ſtill, we muſt ſtill own it,
They are perjur'd, they are perjur'd who diſown it.
Let our love be juſt and true,

For there's none I love but you;
Let whatever each impart,
Be lock'd up in th' other's heart,
That no one, that no one,
But ourſelves, ourſelves may ever,
Once be able, once be able to diſcover,
Whilſt we ſecretly do love,

No one can our joys remove,
Nor can any one moleſt,
That which is hid in the breaſt,
'Tis treaſure, 'tis treaſure,

Whil'ſt we there, we there can keep it,
From all rivals, from all rivals that do ſeek it.

### *The Scotch Hay-makers.*

'TWas within a furlong of Edinburgh town,
In the roſy time o'th'year, when the graſs was down,
Bonny Jocky, blyth and gay, ſaid to Jenny making hay,
Let's ſit a little, dear, and prattle, 'tis a ſultry day;
He long had courted the black brow'd maid,
But Jockey was a wag, and would ne'er conſent to wed,
Which made her piſh and phoo, and cry, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

He told her marriage was grown a joke,
And that no one wedded but ſcoundrel folk;
Yet, my dear, you ſhall prevail, but I know not what I ail,
I ſhall dream of clogs, and ſilly dogs, with bottles at their (tail,
But I'll give thee gloves and bongrace to wear,
And a pretty filly foal, to ride out and take the air,
If thou will not piſh and phoo, and cry, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, &c.

That you'll give me trinkets, cry'd ſhe, I believe,
But, ah, what in return muſt poor Jenny give?
When my maiden treaſure's gone, I muſt away to London town,
And roar and rant, and patch and paint, and kiſs for half a crown,
Each drunken bully oblige for to pay,
And earn an hated living in an odious fulſome way.
No, no, it ne'er ſhall do, for a wife I'll be to you,
Or I cannot, &c.

### *The honeſt Engliſhman's Health.*

HEre's a health to the king, and a laſting peace,
Let faction be damn'd, and wealth increaſe
Come, let us drink while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death,
And he that doth this health deny,
Down among the dead men,

Down

Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lye.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celeſtial joys are found;
And may confuſion ſtill purſue,
The ſenſeleſs women-hating crew;
And he that woman's health denies,
Down among the dead men, &c.

In ſmiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleaſure to my ſoul;
Let Bacchus' health round briſkly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love;
And he that Bacchus' health denies,
Down among, &c.

Let love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleaſures reign;
While Bacchus' treaſure crowns the board,
We'll ſing the joys that both afford;
And he that won't with us comply,
Down among, &c.

For love and wine, together join'd,
Will drown all ills, altho' combin'd:
And make man happy, ſpite of fate,
Adding to life a longer date;
And as for thoſe who this deny,
Down among, &c.

Let's drink and love, ne'er penſive be,
Ne'er vex our brains about South-Sea;
May all ſtock-jobbers meet the fate
Of thoſe that chance to ſell too late;
And he that won't to this comply,
Down among, &c.

Then a health to our trade, and may bubbles ceaſe,
For that will flouriſh as they decreaſe;

And may ſtocking and jobbing dwindle away,
Then we may expect a better day;
And he that won't to us agree,
Down, &c.
May he be drowned in the South-Sea.

Come fill, brave boys, the ſmiling bowl,
And drink to every Britiſh ſoul;
Who always would our trade advance,
And ne'er like bubbles took from France;
But thoſe who will in bubbles be,
Down, &c.
May they be drowned in the South-Sea.

*The paſſionate Squire's Petition.*

SEE yonder ſhe ſwims, and calls her love,
And fain would be on ſhore;
She has one of the faireſt faces,
That e'er I beheld before:
And I prithee, my dear, call home my heart,
And hear the true lover's charms;
For the Phœnix ſhall be our guide, love,
And protect us from all harms.

A ſhip it cannot be built,
Without the help of a tree;
And the very flint ſtone ſhall melt, love,
If I prove falſe to thee;
And if I prove falſe to thee, my dear,
The rocks ſhall melt in the ſun;
And the fire ſhall freeze like ice, love
And the ſea ſhall rage and burn.

Among the delightful bowers,
Where Flora her mantle ſpreads,
With changeable fragrant flowers,
Rich garlands do crown our heads;
The lilies, my dear, ſhall make us
The happieſt pair in the grove;
And new pleaſures ſhall ſtill ariſe,
So long as we loyal prove.

Sweet

Sweet creature, thou may'ſt believe me,
I love thee more dear than gold;
Why ſhould'ſt thou delight to grieve me,
Fair beautiful ſaint be not cold.

*The deſpairing Lover.*

STill I'm wiſhing, ſtill deſiring,
Still ſhe's giving, I requiring,
Yet each gift I think too ſmall;
Still the more I am preſented,
Still the leſs I am contented,
Tho' ſhe vows ſhe gives me all.
Can Druſilla give no more?
Has ſhe laviſh'd all her ſtore?
Muſt my hopes to nothing fall?
Ah! you know not half your treaſure,
Give me more, give over meaſure,
Yet you'll never give me all.

*The languiſhing Lady.*

WElcome death, the cure of all my ſorrow,
Thou alone can'ſt give me eaſe;
Of all delights my ſenſes e'er did borrow,
None could e'er my fancy pleaſe.
Love has tranſported me ſo in ſadneſs,
That I languiſh in deſpair;
In all degrees of love I find madneſs,
Which cauſes all my grief and care.
When firſt theſe eyes of mine did view him,
Oh! how my heart was inflam'd to love;
I loſt my ſenſes ever ſince I knew him,
Since he to me does unconſtant prove.
Love, that tranſports me ſo to ſadneſs,
Makes me to languiſh and complain
Oh! cruel Cupid, come eaſe my madneſs,
Let me no longer grieve in vain.
Farewel joy, farewel pleaſure,
Farewel all things of delight;
For of ſorrow I've had my meaſure,
Unto all I bid good night.

Farewel to him, the cauſe of all my weeping,
I hope he will never thrive in love:
And ſhe that has gotten his heart in keeping,
May ſhe for ever inconſtant prove.

*The conſtant Lover's Lamentation.*

I Love the more and the more each day,
Faireſt of lovely creatures;
In temples I forget to pray,
By gazing on thy features.
Thy face does my free-will controul,
In thee I have preſervation;
Take pity then and ſave thy dear,
Have pity then, and ſave me from vexation:
Heaven gave to man in paradiſe,
Bleſſings that were not common;
But all were trifles to the bliſs
Of ſoul-delighting woman.
Love me, whate'er muſt be my doom,
'Tis thee I am ſtill purſuing;
Love me, or elſe I am undone,
I am undone; oh! love, or elſe I am ruin'd.

*The Princely Courtſhip.*

WHat ſhall I do to ſhew how much I love her?
How many millions of ſighs can ſuffice?
That which wins other hearts never moves her,
Thoſe common methods of love ſhe'll deſpiſe;
I will love more than man ever lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the day, melt all the night;
Till for her own ſake, at laſt ſhe'll implore me
To love her leſs, to preſerve our delight.

Since gods themſelves cannot ever be loving,
Men muſt have breathing, recruit for new joys,
I wiſh myſelf could be always improving,
Though eager love more than ſorrow deſtroys.
In fair Aurelia's arms leave me expiring,
To be embalm'd by the ſweets of her breath;
To the laſt moment I'll be deſiring,
Never had hero ſo glorious a death.

### *The conquering Virgin.*

WE all to conqu'ring beauty bow,
Its pleaſing powers admire;
But I ne'er ſaw the face till now,
That like yours could inſpire.
Now, I may ſay, I met with one,
Amazes all mankind;
And like men gazing on the ſun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft are the tender moving ſighs,
When longing lovers meet,
Like the divining prophet's wife,
And like the roſes ſweet:
Majeſtic, gay, reſerv'd, yet free,
Each happy night a bride;
A mien like awful majeſty,
And yet no ſpark of pride.

The patriarch, to gain a wife,
Chaſte, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long;
If beauty would reward ſuch care,
And life ſo long could ſtay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would ſeem but as one day.

### *The complaining Bridegroom.*

'TWas early one morning the cock had juſt crow'd,
Sing hey-ding, ho-ding, lantridown derry,
My holiday clothes, and face newly mow'd,
With a hey-ding, ho-ding, drink your brown berry.
The ſky was painted with ſcarlet ſo red,
For the ſun was juſt getting out of his bed,
When Tereſa and I went to church to be wed,
With a hey-ding, ho-ding, ſhall I come to woo thee?
Hey-ding, ho-ding, will ye buckle to me?

Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, derry, derry,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, lantridown derry.
Her face was as fair as if it had been in print,
Sing hey, &c.
And her ſmall ferret eyes did lovingly ſquint;
With a hey, &c.
Yet her mouth had been damag'd with comfits & plumbs,
And her teeth that were uſeleſs with biting her thumbs,
Had late, like ill tenants, forſaken her gums,
With a hey down, &c.
But when night came on, and we both were in bed,
Sing hey, &c.
Such ſtrange things were done, there's no more to be ſaid;
Sing hey, &c.
Next morning her head ran on mending her gown,
And mine was plagued how to pay piper a crown;
And ſo we roſe up the ſame fools we lay down,
With a hey ding, &c.

*The Country Dialogue.*

*He.* WHere oxen do low,
And apples dow grow;
Where corn is ſown,
And graſs is mown;
Where pigeons do fly,
And rooks neſtle high,
Fate, give me for life a place.
*She.* Where hay is well cock'd,
And udders are ſtroak'd:
Where duck and drake
Cry quack, quack, quack;
Where turkeys lay eggs,
And ſows ſuckle pigs,
Oh! there will I paſs my days.
*He.* On nought we will feed,
*She.* But what we do breed,
And wear, on our backs,
*He.* The wool of our flocks;
*She.* And tho' linnen feel
Rough, ſpun from the wheel,

'Tis

'Tis cleanly, tho' coarſe it comes.

*He.* Town follies and cullies,
And Mollies and Dollies,
For ever adieu, and for ever.

*She.* And beaux that in boxes,
Lye ſmuggling their doxies,
With wigs that hang down to their bums.

*He.* Good bye to the Mall,
The Park and Canal,
Saint James' Square,
And Flaunters there,
The Gaming-houſe too,
Where high dice and low,
Are manag'd by all degrees.

*She.* Adieu to the Knight,
That was bubbl'd laſt night,
That keeps a blouze,
And beats his ſpouſe:
And now in great haſte,
To pay what h'as loſt,
Sends home to cut down his trees.

*He.* And well fare the lad,

*She.* Who improves ev'ry clod;

*He.* That ne'er ſets his hand
To bill or to bond;

*She.* Nor barters his ſtocks,
For wine or for pox,
To chouſe him of half his days.

*He.* But fiſhing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His paſtime is ever and ever.

*She.* Whoſe lips, when you buſs 'em,
Smell like the bean-bloſſom:
O! he 'tis ſhall have my praiſe.

*He.* To the tavern, where goes
Sour apples and ſloes,
A long adieu,
And farewel too,
To the houſe of the great,
Whoſe cook has no meat,
And butler can't quench my thirſt:

*She.*

*She.* Good bye the 'Change,
Where rantipoles range:
Farewel cold tea,
And ratafia;
Hyde-Park too, where pride
In coaches doth ride,
Altho' they be choaked with duſt.
*He.* Farewel the law gown,
*She.* The plague of the town,
*He.* And foe of the crown,
That ſhould be run down,
*She.* With city jackdaws,
That make ſtable laws
To meaſure by yards and ells.
*He.* Stock jobbers and ſwabbers,
And packers, and tackers,
For ever adieu, ay, for ever.
*Cho.* We know what you're doing,
And home we're both going,
And ſo you may ring the bells.

*Dialogue between a Toping Huſband and his Wife.*

*He.* OF all comforts I miſcarried,
When I play'd the fool and married;
'Tis a trap, there's none need doubt on't,
Thoſe that are in't, would fain get out on't.
*She.* Fie, my Dear, pray come to bed,
This napkin take, and bind your head:
Too much drink your brain has dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.
*He.* 'Ouns! tis all one, if I'm up or ly down;
For as ſoon as the cock crows I'll be gone.
*She.* 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me;
Was I, was I made a wife to ly alone?
*He.* From your arms myſelf divorcing,
I this morn muſt ride a courſing;
Sport that far excels a Madam,
Or all wives that have been ſince Adam.
*She.* I, when thus I've loſt my due,
Muſt hug my pillow, wanting you:

And whilſt you're toping all the day,
Regale in cups of harmleſs tea.

*He.* Pox, what care I, take your ſlops till you die,
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

*She.* If thus parted, I'm broken hearted,
When I, when I ſend for you, my dear, pray come.

*He.* Ere I'll be from rambling hinder'd,
I'll renounce both ſpouſe and kindred;
To be ſober I've no leiſure,
What's a man without his pleaſure?

*She.* To my grief I then may ſee,
Strong ale and Nants my rivals be:
When you're toping with your blades,
Poor I, ſit ſtitching with the maids.

*He.* 'Ouns! you may go to your goſſips, you know,
And there if you can meet a friend, pray do.

*She.* Go, you joker, go, you provoker;
Never, never ſhall I meet a man like you.

*He.* If I mayn't in town debauch it,
Then to Tunbridge I will coach it;
And there living woundy merry,
Drinking of both red and ſherry,

*She.* Ay, for water, I dare ſwear,
That you never will do there:
But your wife, at home, with ſcorn,
May drink water night and morn,

*He.* Pox of the trade, if that you're ſo mad,
You may drink on your water till you're dead.

*She.* I believe ye, I'll deceive ye,
Can I ly alone, d'ye think in bed?

*He.* Can't you lye alone? To eaſe you,
Then take who you will to pleaſe you:
I abroad muſt ſtill be gadding,
Tho' it ſets my wife a madding,

*She.* Well, I find you will me teaze,
And take your pleaſure and your eaſe:
Since it is ſo, then I will do
Something daily to vex you.

*He.* Will you do ſo, then together let's go,
Leſt a cuckold at length I grow.

*She.*

*She.* Since you ſtarve it,——you deſerve it,
But I, but I am an honeſt wife to you.

### *The Lover's Queſtion to Cupid.*

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, why does it torment?
If bitter, oh! tell me, whence comes my complaint?
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or grieve at my fate, when I know tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known:
But oh! how I'm bleſt, when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love:
When, in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleaſing is beauty, how ſweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love,
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
To beauty's bright ſtrandard all heroes muſt yield:
'Tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

To beauty's bright ſceptre thus all things do bow:
'Tis to her that we court, and to her that we wooe:
It ſo ſtrangely does vanquiſh and ſoften the mind,
That we yield at firſt ſight to a beauty that's kind:
'Tis a treaſure we doat on, and dream on each night:
There's nothing but beauty can breed ſuch delight.

As ſoon as the morning's bright rays I behold,
(Like a bride deck'd with roſes, and rubies, and gold)
Straight I think on fair Celia, ſo divine and ſo ſweet,
And long for to ſee her, and ſigh at her feet:
Ev'ry moment I'm abſent, I languiſh and die,
And I live by the ſweetneſs and beams of her eye.

Then grant, O ye powers! that her I may find
Always yielding to love, and moſt charmingly kind,
That at laſt by entreaties ſhe may be my bride,
And I have the honour to ly by her ſide,
Oh! the pleaſures that beauty can give when they pleaſe,
They can both wound and cure a lover at eaſe.

I'll

I'll envy no prince, but ſweetly will live,
Reſt contented with pleaſure that Celia can give.
From all rivals and fears may we always live free,
And for ever be happy, and for ever agree.
Thus ſweetneſs and innocent freedom will prove,
The joys that kind Heaven gives to thoſe that do love.

*The Oracle for War; or, Britons ſtrike Home.*

TO arms, to arms, to arms,
Your enſigns now diſplay;
Now, now, now, now, now, now,
Set the battle in array;
The oracle for war declares, for war declares;
Succeſs depends, ſucceſs depends
Upon your hearts and ſpears,
Britons ſtrike home,
Revenge, revenge your country's wrongs;
Fight, fight and record,
Fight, fight and record,
Yourſelves in Druids' ſongs.
Enrag'd, enrag'd, enrag'd,
your ſhow'rs of ball let fly;
Come, come, come, come, come, come,
Let us win the day or die;
The honour of the field we have, the field we have,
With loud huzzas, with loud huzzas,
Preſs on them bold and brave,
The honour of the field,
Britons, maintain your rights, your rights,
By conquering blows;
Down, down with the pride,
Down, &c.
Of our late vanquiſh'd foes.
Let's rouze, let's rouze, let's rouze,
The Britiſh lion bold
See how, how, how, how, how, how,
His heroic eyes are roll'd;
With ſilver trumpets ſound a charge;
Charge front and rear;

Break

Break through their ranks, break thro' their ranks,
While silver trumpets sound,
Let them be drove
Before, before your conquering arms,
And cause them to dread,
And, &c.
Great Britain's loud alarms;
And cause them to dread,
Great Britain's loud alarms.

*The forlorn Lover.*

O Yes, O yes, O yes, I cry,
Tell me, you loving standers-by,
If you a wand'ring heart did see,
Which lately took, which lately took
Its flight from me.
The marks I will describe to you,
Such hearts you'll say there are but few;
'Tis milder than the tender dove,
And round the same, and round the same
A chain of love.
And in the middle of the heart,
There sticks a fatal golden dart;
From whence fresh streams of blood do flow,
Pray, did you meet, pray, did you meet
This heart, or no.
Cupid a fatal arrow sent,
And forc'd it from its element;
Or it had never gone I'm sure;
Great is the loss, great is the loss which I endure.
Search all the valleys, hills, and plains,
And shady groves where Cupid reigns,
To find my wounded bleeding heart,
You'll know it by, you'll know it by the golden dart.
If you by fortune find it there,
Conduct it home to me with care,
And you shall well rewarded be,
For such like kind, for such like kind fidelity.
Perhaps my heart you may behold,
Among the lamb's in Cupid's fold:

Confined

Confined like a captive ſlave.
If ſo, one boon, if ſo, one boon of Cupid crave.
Intreat him that he'd be ſo kind,
As not to keep my heart confin'd;
Tell him what grief I undergo,
And how my eyes, and how my eyes, like fountains flow.
Who knows but he, to comfort me,
May ſet my heart at liberty:
Which favour if I once obtain,
My heart ſhall ne'er, my heart ſhall ne'er be loſt again.
Cloſe in my breaſt I'll lock it faſt,
And there as long as life ſhall laſt,
I'll keep it cloſe, no charms I'll view,
Becauſe I find, becauſe I find what love can do.
It conquers kings and noble peers,
It makes the valiant ſoul ſhed tears,
Wounding their hearts and courage too,
All this and more, all this and more fond love can do.

*The careleſs Gallant.*

OH, Molly! my pretty Molly,
Come here, and ſit thee down by me,
And tell to me what is the reaſon,
That I am ſlighted ſo by thee;
I wiſh that I had been more wiſe,
But ſhe was fairer than all the reſt;
For the firſt time that e'er I ſaw her,
She kindled fire into my breaſt.

O take away this fooliſh fancy,
That does torment my tender breaſt;
For I take delight in no ſuch laſſes,
That ſeek to ſlight me with diſdain.
O come ſing neatly and completely,
Sing commendation to my love;
My heart is altogether with her,
Altho' I am not with my love.

When I am walking I am thinking
Of her, and cannot take no reſt;

Tho' ev'ry moment my mind is on her,
My love is fixed in her breaſt:
But time will make an end of all things,
And love will make an end of me:
But ſure there is a place of torment
Will puniſh her for ſlighting me.

Why ſhould I love her and cannot ſee her?
If I don't ſpeak, how ſhall I ſpeed?
If I ſhou'd write my love a letter,
She will ſay, ſhe cannot read:
Oh! take away this golden locket,
And bring to me the branch alſo;
I have loſt my love, and that's the reaſon,
That is the cauſe of all my woe.

If there be any one that aſks me,
What makes me go in green attire?
I've loſt my love, and that's the reaſon,
That I am croſs'd in my deſire;
Upon my head I'll wear no willow,
Nor yet no pearl upon my brow,
I'll bid adieu to melancholy,
For I have gain'd my freedom now.

If I muſt wear this mournful willow,
And will a wooing go anew;
If there be any one that loves me,
Come away, and tell me now,
If there be any one that loves me,
Come away, and tell me now,
How a green garland does become me,
For I am forc'd to wear it now.

This willow is a wav'ring flower,
All in the ſpring time of the year,
Young men may loſe many an hour,
That kiſs and court, and be ne'er the near.
See how the clouds gather together,
And all for to hide the glorious ſun,
But we hope for better weather,
When our love-ſtorms are done.

*The bonny grey-ey'd Morn.*

THE bonny grey-ey'd morn began to peep,
When Jockey rouz'd with love, came blythly on,
And I, who wiſhing lay, depriv'd of ſleep,
Abhorr'd the lazy hours that ſlow did run;
But meikle was my joy, when in my view,
I from the window 'ſpy'd my only Dear,
I took the wings of love, and to him flew,
For I had fancy'd all my heaven was there.

Upon my boſom Jockey laïd his head,
And, ſighing, told me pretty tales of love,
My yielding heart at ev'ry word he ſaid,
Did flutter up and down and ſtrangely move:
He ſighing kiſs'd my hand, and vow'd and ſwore,
That I had o'er his heart a conqueſt gain'd;
Then, bluſhing, begg'd that I would grant him more,
Which he, alas! too ſoon, too ſoon obtain'd.

Not that I do repent I did comply,
But this I needs muſt own, my yielding heart
Was quickly overcome by Jockey's eye,
Which gave a deeper wound than Cupid's dart:
His cheeks were cherries red, his lips the ſame;
His tongue ſo many charms could ſtill expreſs,
That ev'ry word he ſaid did raiſe new flame,
And kindled amorous fire within my breaſt.

My Jockey does a thouſand ways beſide
Expreſs himſelf in tender love to me:
With arms about my waiſt, he, ſighing, cry'd,
O give me my content, or I'ſe mun dee:
Then with a gentle kiſs does beg again,
That his poor wounded heart I would but cure,
Not thinking that I felt his love-ſick pain,
For I, alas! was his, was his before.

And now I could no longer hide my pain,
But let my deareſt Jockey know my heart:

O how he hugg'd me in his arms again,
And ev'ry kiſs he gave did eaſe my ſmart:
Then vowing o'er and o'er between each kiſs,
He conſtant would remain while life did laſt;
Now tell me, lover, where's the hurt of this,
For to enjoy, when that the knot is faſt?

*The good Houſe Wife; or, A Tidy one.*

NOT long ago I married a wife,
A tidy houſe wife, a tidy one.
She makes me weary of my life,
She makes me weary, &c.
And I think ſhe proves a tidy one.
I ſent her to market to buy me a hen,
She lyes a bed till the clock ſtrikes ten:
She may well be counted the queen of ſluts,
She roaſted the hen with both feathers and guts.

She meant to fill my belly full,
She dreſs'd a ſheep's head with both horns and wool;
She went to make my pudding fat,
And into it ſhe let her noſe drop;
She hung on the kettle without any water,
The bottom came out, and the ſides came after;
She ſweeps the houſe but once a year,
And then ſhe tells me, brooms are dear.

For cleanlineſs ſhe will not fail,
Inſtead of the vault, makes uſe of the pail;
For mending of clothes, I had like to forgot,
Inſtead of patches, ſhe ties them in knots,
At the ale-houſe ſhe loves to tipple and funk,
She ſeldom comes home until ſhe is drunk;
For ſcolding, her part it good ſhe will make
With any one at Billingſgate.

A beauteous creature ſhe is, without doubt,
A tidy houſe wife, a tidy one;
For her tawny face is as rough as a colt,
Which makes her look like a tidy one:

Beſides,

Beſides, ſhe has gotten a beetle brow,
A tidy houſe wife, a tidy one;
A delicate ſnout, much like a ſow,
Which makes her look like a tidy one.

*The Anſwer.*

*Or, the City Houſe Wife well matched.*

MY huſband of his wife does cry,
A tidy houſe wife, a tidy one:
And he has as many faults as I,
And I think he proves a tidy one;
Good people, mind, and you ſhall hear
Of a careful huſband, a careful one;
He paid for water inſtead of ſmall beer,
I think he proves a careful one.

Men came for taxes for the king,
Inſtead of two groats, a crown he did fling:
At the tavern all the night he will be,
He drinks till he neither can ſpeak or ſee:
When all his money is ſpent and gone,
He reels home by the light of the ſun:
And when he to his wife does come,
He thumps her bones for what he has done.

His ſquinting eyes and drivelling chin,
With a pair of breeches be-piſs'd within:
Beſides, his cleanlineſs is ſuch,
He'll ſcarce out of bed to eaſe his breech:
Each day that he does go to work,
The money he gets, he ſpends with a jirk:
Oh! women, take care of marrying a ſot,
You've heard by this ſong, what has been my lot.

*The Indian Weed:* or, *A true Moral between a Man's Life and a Pipe of Tobacco.*

TObacco's but an Indian weed,
Grows green in the morn, cut down at eve,

Shews our decay, that we're but clay:
Think on this when you ſmoke tobacco.

The pipe that is ſo lily white,
In which ſome men do take delight,
'Tis broke with a touch, man's life is ſuch,
Think on this, &c.

The ſmoke that doth aſcend ſo high,
Shews that we are but vanity,
'Tis all earthly ſtuff, and is gone with a puff,
Think on this, &c.

The pipe which is ſo foul within,
Shews how man's ſoul is ſtain'd with ſin,
It doth require to be purg'd with fire:
Think on this, &c.

The aſhes that are left behind,
Is for to put us all in mind,
That we came from duſt, and return we muſt,
Think on this when you ſmoke tobacco.

*William and Sufan.*

ALL in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Suſan came on board
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro:
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below:
The cord ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,

(If

(If chance his mate's ſhrill voice he hear)
And drops at once into her neſt:
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet,
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Suſan, Suſan, lovely Dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain,
Let me kiſs of that falling tear,
We only part to meet again:
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind:
They tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is ſpicy Afric's gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms
William ſhall to his dear return:
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board,
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head:
Her leſſening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, ſhe cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

*The right and true Anſwer to ſweet William.*

WHere is ſweet William, where is my dear?
Toſt on the billows to and fro,
Sometimes as high as mountain tops,
Then ſinking down the waves below:
Thus like my wand'ring heart the ſhip does move;
And like my wand'ring, and like my wand'ring
Fancy, it does rove.

Sometimes in ſilent ſleep I ſee
The ſhips with full ſpread ſails come in,
With watermen ſo neat and trim,
For to convey me ſafe to him:
Come hale the ſhip, ye ſailors tell to me,
If my ſweet William, if my ſweet William,
Now alive may be.

Then I do ſee him ſwiftly fly,
For to receive me in his arms:
Suſan, ſays he, welcome on board,
I do admire thy beauteous charms:
A thouſand kiſſes he does on me beſtow,
While the ſhip ſoftly, while the ſhip ſoftly
Is wavering to and fro.

Millions of raptures I enjoy,
Fair Helen, with all her beauty bright,
By Paris could not be admired more,
Than I by William, my heart's delight:
But when I awake, like Roſamond fair, I ſee,
Love's but a fable, love's but a fable,
All my comforts flee.

How does my heart then panting lye,
When I do find it but a dream:
William is on the ocean wide,
Not by his Suſan to be ſeen:
O Neptune! pray be kind unto my dear,
And quick convey him, and quick convey him
Back, my ſoul to chear.

Boreas

Boreas, inſtead of bluſt'ring ſtorms,
Breathe but a ſweet and pleaſant gale:
That ſwiftly o'er the purling ſtreams
My deareſt love may ſafely ſail:
Ye mermaids with your harmony ſo ſweet
Charm my ſweet William, charm my ſweet William
To his ſilent ſleep.

And when they do to harbour come,
Winds, whiſper gently in his ear:
Like unto lightning I would fly,
William, thy conſtant heart to chear:
The boat ſo willingly row to the ſhip ſide,
Calling for William, calling for William
To receive his bride.

### *Cold and Raw.*

COld and raw the North wind did blow,
Bleak in the morning early,
And all the trees were hid with ſnow,
Cover'd with winter yearly:
As I was riding o'er the Slough,
I met with a farmer's daughter,
Roſy cheeks, and bonny brow;
Good faith, my mouth did water.

Down I vail'd my bonnet low,
Meaning to ſhow my breeding
She return'd a graceful bow,
Her viſage fair exceeding;
I aſk'd her where ſhe was going ſo ſoon,
And long'd to hold a parley,
She told me, to the next market-town,
On purpoſe to ſell her barley.

In this purſe, ſweet ſoul, ſaid I,
Twenty pounds ly fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For I'ſe take all thy barley;

Twenty

Twenty pounds more ſhall purchaſe delight,
Thy perſon I love ſo dearly,
If thou wilt lie with me all night,
And gang home in the morning early.

If forty pounds would buy the globe,
This thing I would not do, Sir,
Or were my friends as poor as Job,
I'd never raiſe them ſo, Sir;
For ſhould you prove one night my friend,
We's get a young kid together,
And you'd be gone e'er nine months end,
Then where ſhould I find the father?

Pray what would my parents ſay,
If I ſhould be ſo ſilly,
To give my maiden-head away,
And loſe my true love Billy?
Oh! this would bring me to diſgrace,
And therefore I ſay you nay, Sir;
And if that you would me embrace,
Firſt marry and then you may, Sir.

I told her I had wedded been
Full fourteen years and longer,
Elſe I'd chuſe her for my queen,
And tie the knot more ſtronger:
She bid me then no further come,
But manage my wedlock fairly,
And keep my purſe for poor ſpouſe at home,
For ſame other ſhould buy her barley.

Then as ſwift as any roe
She rode away and left me;
After her I could not go,
Of joy ſhe quite bereſt me:
Thus I myſelf did diſappoint,
For ſhe did leave me fairly;
My words knock'd all things out of joint,
I loſt both the maid and the barley.

Riding down a narrow lane,
Some two or three hours after,
There I chanc'd to meet again,
This farmer's bonny daughter:
Altho' it was both raw and cold,
I ſtay'd to hold a parley,
And ſhew'd once more my purſe of gold,
When ſhe had ſold her barley.

Love, ſaid I, pray do not frown,
Let us exchange embraces,
I'll buy thee a ſilken gown,
With, ribbands, gloves, and laces.
A ring, and bodkin, muff, and fan,
No lady ſhall be neater;
For as I am an honeſt man,
I ne'er ſaw a ſweeter creature.

Then I took her by the hand,
And ſaid, my deareſt jewel,
Why ſhouldſt thou diſputing ſtand?
I prithee be not cruel:
She found my mind was fully bent
To pleaſe my fond deſire,
Therefore ſhe ſeemed to conſent,
But I wiſh I'd ne'er come nigh her.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, what ſhall I do,
If I commit this evil,
And yield myſelf in love with you,
I hope you will prove civil?
You talk of ribbands, gloves and rings,
And likewiſe gold and treaſure;
Oh, let me firſt enjoy thoſe things,
And then you ſhall have pleaſure.

Sure thy will ſhall be obey'd,
Said I, my own dear honey;
Then into her lap I laid
Full forty pounds in money

We'll to the market town this day,
And ſtraightway end this quarrel,
And deck thee like a lady gay
In flouriſhing rich apparel.

All my gold and ſilver there
To her I did deliver:
On the road we did repair,
Till coming to a river,
Whoſe waters are both deep and wide,
Such rivers I ne'er ſaw many;
She leap'd her mare on the other ſide,
And left me not one penny.

Then my heart was ſunk full low,
With grief and care ſurrounded,
After her I could not go,
For fear of being drowned.
She turn'd about, and ſaid, Behold,
I'm not for your devotion;
But, Sir, I thank you for your gold,
'Twill ſerve to enlarge my portion.

Then I began to ſtamp and ſtare,
To ſee what ſhe had acted;
With my hands I tore my hair,
Like one that was diſtracted:
Give me my money, then I cry'd,
Good faith, I did but lend it;
But ſhe away full faſt did ride,
And vow'd ſhe'd not intend it.

*The Fiſherman's Song.*

OF all the world's enjoyments
That ever valued were,
There's none of our employments
With fiſhing can compare:
Some preach, ſome write,
Some ſwear, ſome fight,
All golden lucre courting;

But

But fiſhing ſtill
Bears off the bell,
For profit or for ſporting.
*Then who a jolly fiſherman, a fiſherman would be,*
*His throat muſt wet,*
*Juſt like his net,*
*To keep out cold at ſea.*

The country 'ſquire loves running
A pack of well mouth'd hounds;
Another fancies gunning
For wild ducks in his grounds;
This hunts, that fowls,
This hawks, Dick bowls,
No greater pleaſure wiſhing:
But Tom that tells
What ſport excels,
Gives all the praiſe to fiſhing.
*Then who, &c.*

A good Weſtphalia gammon,
Is counted dainty fare,
But what is that to ſalmon
Juſt taken from the Ware?
Wheat ears and quails,
Cocks, ſnipes, and rayls,
Are priz'd while ſeaſon's laſting;
But all muſt ſtoop
To craw-fiſh ſoup,
Or I've no ſkill in taſting,
*Then who, &c.*

Keen hunters always take to,
Their prey with too much pains;
Nay, often break a neck too,
A penance for no brains,
They run, they leap,
Now high, now deep,

Whilſt he that fiſhing chuſes,
With eaſe may do't,
Nay, more to boot,
May entertain the muſes,
*Then who, &c.*

And tho' ſome envious wranglers
To jeer us will make bold,
And laugh at patient anglers,
Who ſtand ſo long i'th' cold:
They wait on Miſs,
We wait on this,
And think it eaſy labour;
And if you'd know
Fiſh profits too,
Conſult our Holland neighbour,
*Then who, &c.*

## *The happy Pair.*

IAnthe the lovely, the joy of her ſwain,
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,
Their pleaſure was equal, and equal their care:
No time of enjoyment their dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
Still the fonder they grew.

A paſſion ſo happy alarm'd all the plain,
Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the ſwain;
Some ſwore 'twould be a pity their loves to invade,
That the lovers alone for each other were made;
But all, all conſented that none ever knew,
A nymph yet ſo kind, a nymph yet ſo kind,
Or a ſhepherd ſo true.

For in the beginning of love we do find, (kind;
They ſtrove in their love which ſhould prove the moſt
The ſwain and the nymph by the dawn of the day,
With innocent love paſs the minutes away;
In each others arms, give theſe lovers their due,
They

They always were conſtant, they always were conſtant,
And always were true.

And ſeveral years their true love has gone on,
Yet ſtill they're as loving as when they begun;
No end there's of loving, the nymph ſhe does cry,
No, no, ſays the ſhepherd, I'll love till I die:
So loving this pair was, ſo conſtant and true,
That the longer they lov'd, the longer they lov'd,
Still the fonder they grew.

Jove ſaw them with pleaſure, and vow'd to take care,
Of the faithful, the tender, and innocent pair;
What either did want, he bid either to move:
But they wanted for nothing, but ever to love;
'Twas all that to bleſs them his godhead could do,
That they ſtill might be kind, that they ſtill might be kind,
And they ſtill might be true.

*London is a fine Town.*

O London is a dainty place,
a great and gallant city!
For all the ſtreets are pav'd with gold,
And all the folks are witty.
And there's your lords and ladies fine,
That ride in coach and ſix;
That nothing drink but claret wine,
And talk of politics.

And there's your beaux with powder'd clothes,
Bedaub'd from head to chin;
Their pocket-holes adorn'd with gold,
But not one ſous within:
And there the Engliſh actor goes
With many hungry belly!
While heaps of gold are forc'd, God wot,
On Signior Farinelli.

And there's your dames of dainty frames,
With ſkins as white as milk;

Dreſs'd every day in garments gay,
Of ſatin and of ſilk:
And if your mind be ſo inclin'd,
To have them in your arms,
Pull out a handſome purſe of gold,
They can't reſiſt it's charms.

*The labouring Lover.*

I'LL range around the ſhady bowers,
And gather all the ſweeteſt flowers,
I'll ſtrip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When in the ſultry heat of day,
My thirſting nymph does panting lay;
I'll haſten to the river brink,
And drain the floods, but ſhe ſhall drink.

At night, to reſt her weary head,
I'll make my love a graſſy bed;
And with green boughs I'll form a ſhade,
That nothing may her reſt invade.

And whilſt diſſolv'd in ſleep ſhe lies,
Myſelf ſhall never cloſe theſe eyes;
But gazing ſtill with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then as ſoon as chearful day
Diſpels the darkſome ſhades away,
Forth to the foreſt I'll repair,
To ſeek proviſion for my dear.

Thus will I ſpend the day and night,
Still mixing labour with delight;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can reſt for her procure.

But if the nymph whom thus I love,
Should ever falſe or faithleſs prove;
I'll ſeek ſome diſmal diſtant ſhore,
And never think of woman more.

*The Apprentice's affection to his Sweet-heart Sally.*

OF all the girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley;
There is no lady in the land,
Is half ſo ſweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the ſtreets doth cry them,
Her mother ſhe ſells laces long,
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy them:
But ſure ſuch folk could ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When Sally's by I leave my work,
(I love her ſo ſincerely;)
My maſter comes like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely;
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day, that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday,
For then I m dreſt (all in my beſt)
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter carries me to church,
And ſorely I am blamed,

Becauſe I leave him in the lurch
As ſoon as text is named;
I leave the church in ſermon-time,
And ſlink away to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
O then I ſhall have money,
I'll hoard it up, my box and all,
And give it to my honey;
I would it were ten thouſand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally:
And but for her, I'd better be
A ſlave, and row in galley;
But when my ſeven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally,
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in this our alley.

*The loyal Engliſhman; or, A health to all honeſt Men.*

EV'ry man take a glaſs in his hand,
And drink a good health to our king;
Many years may he rule o'er this land,
May his laurels for ever freſh ſpring;
Let wrangling and jangling ſtraightway ceaſe,
Let every man ſtrive for his country's peace:
Neither Tory nor Whig,
With their parties look big:
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

'Tis not owning a whimſical name,
That makes a man honeſt and juſt;
Let him fight for his country's fame,
And impartial at home, if in truſt:

'Tis

'Tis that which proves him an honeſt ſoul,
His health we will drink in a brimful bowl:
Then leave off all debate,
And no confuſion create,
Here's a, &c.

When a company's honeſtly met,
With intent to be jolly and gay,
Their drooping ſpirits to whet,
And drown the fatigue of the day;
What madneſs it is thus to diſpute,
What neither ſide can this man confute:
When you've ſaid what you dare,
You're juſt where you were,
Here's a, &c.

Then agree, you true Britons, agree,
And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name:
Let your enemies trembling ſee,
That an Engliſhman's always the ſame:
For our king, our church, our laws, and right,
Let's lay all our feuds, and ſtraight unite:
Then who need care a fig,
Who's a Tory or a Whig,
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

## *The Wheel of Life.*

THE wheel of life
is quickly turning round,
And nothing in this world
of certainty is found;
The midwife wheels us in,
and death wheels us out,
Good lack, good lack,
how we are wheel'd about.

Some few aloft on Fortune's
Wheel do go,
And as they mount up high,
the others tumble low,

In this we all agree, that
Fate at firſt did will,
That this great wheel ſhould
never once ſtand ſtill.

The courtier turns to gain
his private ends,
Till he's ſo giddy grown,
he quite forgets his friends.
Proſperity oftimes deceives
The proud and vain,
And wheels about ſo faſt
it turns them out again.

Some turn to this, to that,
and every way,
And cheat and ſcrape to purchaſe
one poor day.
But this is far beneath
the gen'rous hearted man,
Who lives, and makes the moſt
of life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd about
in life's ſhort farce,
Till we at laſt are wheel'd off
in a rumbling hearſe.
The midwife wheels us in,
and death wheels us out,
Good lack, good lack,
how we are wheel'd about.

### *The Friar and the Nun.*

A Lovely laſs to a friar came,
to confeſs in the morning early,
In what, my dear, are you to blame;
come tell to me ſincerely,
I have done, Sir, what I dare not name,
with a man that loves me dearly.

The greateſt fault of myſelf I know,
is what I now diſcover,
You for that crime to Rome muſt go,
and diſcipline muſt ſuffer,
Lack-a-day, Sir, if it muſt be ſo,
pray with me ſend my lover.

Oh, no, no, no, my dear, you dream,
we muſt have no double dealing,
But if you'll repeat with me the ſame,
I'll pardon that paſt failing,
I muſt own Sir, but I bluſh for ſhame,
your penance is prevailing.

Then all her faults to him ſtraightway,
ſhe fairly did diſcover,
See that you no more go aſtray,
this time thou ſhalt not ſuffer,
Thou art pardon'd from this very day,
and I'll ſend to your lover.

He gave her then a parting kiſs,
and what he did require,
Withſomething elſe which I ſhall miſs,
'twas what he did admire,
No offence, my dear, I hope, ſaid ſhe,
ſince it is with an honeſt friar?

Oh! no, no, no, my dear, ſaid he,
it is no more than duty,
At any time I will be free,
my dear, to come unto thee,
And at maſs, love, I'll remember thee,
and think of thy charming beauty.

*The Charming Lover.*

OH! the charming month of May,
When the breeze fans the trees,
Full of bloſſoms freſh and gay:
Oh! the charming month of May,
Charming charming month of May.

Oh!

Oh! what joys our proſpect yields,
In a new livery, when we ſee every
Buſh and meadow, tree and field,
Buſh, &c.
Oh! what joys our proſpect yields,
Oh! what, &c.

Oh! how freſh the morning air,
When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breaths compare, &c.
Oh! how freſh the morning air, &c.

Oh! how fine our ev'ning walk,
When the nightingale delighting,
With her ſongs ſuſpends our talk, &c.
Oh how fine our ev'ning walk, &c.

Oh! how ſweet at night to dream,
On moſſy pillows, by the willows,
Or a gentle purling ſtream, &c,
Oh! how ſweet at night to dream, &c.

Oh! how kind the country laſs,
Who for cow-bilking leaves her milking,
For a green gown upon the graſs, &c.
Oh! how kind the country laſs, &c.

*The mournful Damſel's Tragedy.*

'TWas when the ſeas were roaring,
with hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
all on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the roaring billows
ſhe caſt a wiſtful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows,
that trembl'd o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
and nine long tedious days,
Why did you, vent'rous lover,
why did you croſs the ſeas?

Ceaſe,

Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover reſt;
What is thy troubled motion,
to that within my breaſt?

The merchant, robb'd of treaſure,
views tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
to loſing of my dear?
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find ſome richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the water,
doth hideous rocks remain,
No eyes the rooks diſcover,
that lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

*The conſtant Swain.*

LOOK, look from the window, my dear,
See, ſee your lover in pomp appear;
Make me your own while you may,
My mind it may alter another day;
Don't be a fool and refuſe;
Think, think what a jewel you loſe,
Leſt, when 'tis too late, you may curſe your ſad fate,
And ſo hang yourſelf in a nooſe.

Phillis from her window did peep,
Oh! my dear Strephon, ſaid ſhe, is it you?
I'll put on my gown, and down ſtairs creep,
And bid my dear friends for ever adieu;
For who will ſtay that's ſo confin'd,
With parents that are ſo unkind?
No, no, ſaid ſhe, this moment I'll be with thee,
Ay, and that you ſhall preſently find.

Young

Young Strephon ſaid to his ſweet dear,
I fear you'll be betray'd,
For if they ſhould chance to hear,
As you come down, my love I'm afraid,
Then both of us will be undone,
And ſorrow will be our doom;
Yet dreſs you, my dear, for you need not fear,
But I'll take you ſafe out of your room.

Then ſtraight he contrived a way,
For, to fair Phillis his love was true,
And thus to his charmer did ſay,
This I have done for the ſake of you;
Then on a ſoft pillow of down,
From her window ſhe was let down,
He caught his true lover, that none might diſcover
What great joys in theſe lovers abound.

THE END.

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